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The Old Government House

Fredericton, N.B.

By MARY ROBINSON

RESTORATION of the Government House in Fredericton, New Brunswick, is a work undertaken by the Local Council of Women of that city, not altogether for the sake of the historical interest attached to the house itself, but that the people of the Province may again be able to feel a proper pride in the knowledge that they provide a suitable residence for their lieutenant-governors.

Picture to yourselves a beautiful old English Manor House, of stone, standing on the bank of the broad St. John, the garden and river overlooked by the rear windows and balconies, while those in the front of the house look beyond the stately entrance portico, lawns, avenue and gateway, across a pretty park, to the forest-covered hills surrounding the Capital City. In beauty of situation, in architectural design, in dignity of line and feature, this grand old mansion stands unsurpassed by any in Canada, while in point of historic interest it vies with all others of its kind.

It was erected by Sir Howard Douglas in 1827, on the exact site of the former wooden structure which was burned in 1825, the year of the terrible Miramichi fire, when falling cinders from a conflagration many miles away set fire, first to Government House, in September of that year, and then to fully

half of Fredericton in October, a month later.

After Sir Howard had obtained relief for the suffering that ensued, and the town had begun to recover from its losses, he commenced the rebuilding of his house. He had lost nearly all the beautiful furniture brought by him and his predecessors from England, as well as many other articles of value. He was away from home at the time of the fire, and Lady Douglas had been able to save the family papers only.

By the last of the year, he had built sufficiently to open the house by a grand ball on New Year's Eve, 1828, but did not complete the work until December of that year, living with his family in the house since owned and occupied by Sir John Allen. This festivity is said to have been most imposing, each of His Majesty's Colonies in America contributing its share



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PRESENT BUILDING



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FREDERICTON, FROM THE REAR

of rank and wealth, youth and beauty to make the occasion gay and memorable.

Sir Howard Douglas, no doubt realising that the whole Province must always take its tone from its head official at Government House, strove to make the headquarters of the governor a model of style and beauty. He personally superintended its construction, giving to it, for a time, all the care of his unusually brilliant mind.

Anxious to avoid all unnecessary expense to the Province, he had the stone brought from a quarry near Fredericton, while Barrack-master Woodford drew up the plans under the guidance of Sir Howard, who knew from his experience in New Brunswick, the necessities of provincial life, as well as requirements in the life of a provincial governor.

That he succeeded may be judged by the fact that the Prince of Wales (now King Edward), at the time of his visit there, was much interested in

the building itself, saying that this Government House was more like an English house than any he had seen since coming. This view was also held by a visitor of later years, who says it surpasses in beauty and suitability all other Government Houses in the Dominion, even Rideau Hall. New Brunswick has much to thank Sir Howard Douglas for, and in those days, at least, she recognised her good fortune. When he was recalled to England to assist in the settlement of the boundary dispute between

Maine and New Brunswick, the news of his resignation was received with universal sorrow, which partly found expression in the presentation of a service of plate and an address.

From Sir Howard's resignation in 1829 to the arrival of Sir Archibald Campbell in 1831, Government House was occupied by Hon. William Black, who acted as President of the Executive Council in the interval.

Sir Archibald Campbell seems to have been of a stiff-necked generation. He refused to sign the papers giving the provincial government control of the casual and territorial revenue. He was therefore recalled to England, and Sir John



OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT FREDERICTON, BURNED IN MIRAMICHI FIRE, 1825



SIR ARTHUR GORDON
Governor in 1861

Harvey was sent to take his place. The canny Scot, Sir Archibald, is said to have kept the keys of office in his possession until he was past the borders of the Province, even out beyond Partridge Island, preventing his successor from being sworn in for fully a week. Thus he made matters as hard for those who opposed him as any other descendant of a determined race could possibly wish to do.

Sir John Harvey was a Governor who must have given no end of satisfaction to the people of New Brunswick. Two facts prove this. As soon as he was made Governor, he called Parliament together, and had the much desired bill passed. Whenever Parliament was in session, he gave three dinners every week and a ball every fortnight. Of course the citizens of Fredericton followed suit, and the Capital became almost as gay as we should like to see it now.

The Boundary Dispute was still raging, and Sir John, having removed his forces from the border without waiting for the order of his Commander-in-Chief, Lord Sydenham, was ordered home. When he stated his views to the Home Government,

they were confirmed, and he was sent back as Governor of Nova Scotia.

Sir John Harvey was one of the greatest men we have ever had on this side the water. By his wise foresight and consummate tact, his prompt action in emergency, and his perfect honesty of purpose, he carried New Brunswick through a difficult time in her history. It is considered that he saved the whole country from a war with the United States during the winter of 1839-40. He lived in Government House in greater splendour than any succeeding Governor, his progress to Church always being a most gorgeous affair, with soldiers and military band, state carriage, and magnificence of all descriptions.

The time of the Queen's Coronation was observed by him with many shows to please the people; among others he gave a great feast to the Indians, a whole ox being roasted in the Barrack Square. He also gave the Indians a feast and dance at Government House on each New Year's



Hastings Doyle

SIR HASTINGS DOYLE
Governor in 1864



QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, IN 1836

Day, a custom which was kept up by other Governors.

Lady Harvey was well beloved by the people, her kindness of heart and courtesy to all dependents being spoken of frequently in old letters of the day.

Sir William Colebrooke was Sir John's successor in New Brunswick, coming from the West Indies in 1841 to take his place. His rule never gave satisfaction. He began with the family preference idea, wishing to give his secretary and son-in-law, Mr. Reade, the position of Provincial Secretary, a measure which was promptly put down by the Assembly. Being finally laid up in St. John with a scalded foot, he ordered the members of the Assembly to come to St. John to be prorogued. For this he was recalled, leaving as his only pleasant memory those acts merely which he could not avoid making agreeable. One was laying the corner-stone of Christ Church Cathedral on October 15th, 1845, and that of the Parish Church of St. Ann's on May 30th of the same year.

Sir Edmund Head became the next governor in a year memorable to Fredericton, being the year of the town's incorporation as a city, in 1848, with John Simpson, Queen's Printer, as its first Mayor. Sir Edmund and Lady Head made many friends by their great kind-

ness and their consideration for the tender feelings of a young and growing country.

The Hon. Manners-Sutton succeeded Sir Edmund in 1854. It was in his time that Government House was so highly honoured as to have a visit from King Edward, then the young Prince of Wales. This visit was made in the summer of 1860, and was, in New Brunswick as everywhere else, made the occasion of a round of social events, of which we have had many descriptions. One trivial happening is not so well known, not being dwelt upon at any length by the good people of Fredericton, for reasons presently to be made obvious. A new park had been laid out in the city, and the Prince was to open it, the most impressive part of that ceremony being the turning of a faucet which would connect pipes leading to a fountain, and cause a fine jet of water to rise, sparkling in the sunshine, and fall in crystal drops within a large natural basin, there to form a miniature lake. This sight was to be witnessed by a large number of people, the children especially being anxious to see so pleasing a promise of future amusement for them. When the moment came, the Prince advanced; with one turn of the regal hand the deed was done, and a fountain *one foot* in height rose in the air, to the



QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, IN 1906

accompaniment of much laughter, which increased somewhat when the long faces of the city officials were noticed. One can imagine the amusement of the young Prince—he was not much more than a boy—indeed the accounts of his escapades given afterwards by the Manners-Sutton lads made him seem very young indeed.

The Indians of the village over the river from Fredericton came to Government House in their canoes to see their future King. They were attired in the picturesque fashion of the Indians, with blankets, feathers and paint, and while they entertained the grown-up people, the young folk slipped away to the canoes on the beach, and paddled off to the Indian Village to inspect primitive life there. The boys told of one old squaw who laid her hand timidly on the Prince's arm, saying, "Oh, Mr. Prince, please let me touch you." This was all very interesting for the royal youth, but made an anxious time for the Duke of Newcastle, his tutor, who accompanied him. The Duke was rather straight-laced about Court etiquette, and was much shocked when some kindly New Brunswick ladies, mindful of the Prince's youth, wished to

give him as partner in the dance at the Parliament Buildings, a young and pretty sister of the partner prescribed by etiquette. Although the older sister was willing to give up her rights in the matter, His Grace would not allow the exchange to be made.

Perhaps the most impressive of the public events connected with the Prince's visit to New Brunswick, was the occasion when he attended Divine Service at the Cathedral in Fredericton. Bishop Medley, then Lord Bishop of Fredericton, a venerable man, and full of honours, came to the great west door to meet his future King, and escorted him to his seat while the full choir sang the National Anthem.

The room in Government House occupied by our King was long a show room for visitors. It had been completely refitted for him, together with some other rooms, his bed being made especially for the occasion. Its four tall posts were surmounted by carvings representing the Prince of Wales' feathers, and the bed itself is as broad as it is long, its length being great. This historic but ugly piece of furniture is now owned by a Fredericton lady, but the feathers are



SIR S. LEONARD TILLEY

Twice, Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick.

gone, having disappeared about the time that all the fine old mahogany furniture was sold, and when many acts of vandalism are said to have taken place. Many people in New Brunswick, it would seem, possess one or more of these valuable pieces. It is to be hoped that they may be redeemed at some future time.

The Hon. Mannors-Sutton, his wife and large family, seem to have been very popular in the Province. The only child born at Government House was theirs, and by its birth and early death helped to consecrate the old place, as these sacred domestic events alone can do. A broken column standing in our oldest cemetery marks the last resting-place of this little child.

Many scenes of joy and happiness took place in this term as well, to give the other side of life its share in endowing the House with human interest. One event memorable to the young people of the day was the ball at which the young daughter of the Governor "came out." It is chiefly remembered as the time when they were taught an entirely new dance called "Pop Goes the Weasel." They also gave "lovely children's parties," and always a

Christmas Tree party for the little ones. No wonder they were popular.

In 1861, Sir Arthur Gordon, a secretary of Hon. W. E. Gladstone, was sent to be Governor of New Brunswick. He came a bachelor, but later brought his bride to Government House. She was Miss Shaw of England, daughter of the Speaker of the House of Lords, and was greatly beloved by all. Some idea of the reason for this, and also of the life of the day, is given by Mrs. Ewing, a frequent guest at Government House at this time, her husband, Major Ewing, being in charge of the Commissariat Department of the regiment then in the place. To many the thought that this lovable and gifted woman, Juliana Horatia Ewing, was often in that House, lends it a deeper interest than the visits of people distinguished only by their birth.

In 1862 the Duke of Edinburgh, the Sailor Prince, visited at Government House. Many remember the sermon preached by Bishop Medley at the time—or, rather, they remember the text, "They who go down to the sea in ships"—and many more wonder how often Prince Alfred had to listen to sermons from that text. Lord Haddo, afterwards Earl of Aberdeen, and uncle of Governor Gordon, was also a guest at this time.

Sir Arthur was not in favour of Confederation. He was called home to give his reasons for this state of mind, but failing to satisfy the Home Government, was sent back with instructions to support the movement. Naturally, he soon accepted another post, that of Governor of one of the Fiji Islands, and Sir Hastings Doyle, another bachelor, and an Irishman, came from Halifax to administer in his place, as Governor Gordon had not resigned his office.

Sir Hastings seems to be remembered chiefly for his love of old china, and his collection of china tea-pots. He was barely two years in Government House when he was replaced by Lieut.-Colonel Harding, who, on Confederation Day, July 1st, 1867, was duly appointed governor until such time as the choice of a native governor could be made.

On July 1st, 1868, Hon. Lemuel Allan



SIR JOHN HARVEY

Governor of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick during the "Rebellion" period.

From a Lithograph in the Toronto Public Library.

Wilmot was sworn in Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, and went to Government House to begin the first regular term, with the first installation of a Canadian in that distinguished position.

In 1869 another royal guest came to visit New Brunswick, and was entertained by Governor Wilmot in Government House—Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught. He was received with the same honours as other members of his family. Many were invited to come up the river in the steamer bringing him, although he did not appear except at luncheon. All were presented to him at Government House in the evening, however.

Governor Wilmot also entertained the

Earl of Dufferin, when as Governor-General of Canada he visited the various Provinces. In Fredericton he made one of his clever after-dinner speeches, the occasion being a picnic up the Nashwaak River on the C.E. Line of Railway, then half built. His reference to Mr. Gibson's enterprise in connection with this railway in which he suggested that the desert had been made to blossom as a rose, was in his usual happy vein.

In 1873 Hon. S. L. Tilley became Lieutenant-Governor. In his time many distinguished people were entertained at Government House, among them being Sir John and Lady Macdonald, who came to the opening of the C.E. Railway. The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, the Earl

and Lady Derby, and also Prince Jerome Bonaparte, came after the closing of Government House in Sir Leonard's second term. A remark made by Prince Jerome when a large reception was given for him at Carleton House, Sir Leonard's residence in St. John, may give point to the ideas of some of our loyal people, who think that an official residence is necessary for our Governors. He said: "This is a very nice house, indeed, but, oh! not suitable for the Governor of a large Province like this—why is it so?" It must have been a question hard to answer.

In 1878 came Hon. Edward B. Chandler, who in 1879 entertained the Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorne. We can many of us remember the occasion of this royal visit, and it is needless to dwell upon the ordinary festivities of so recent an event. It adds one more to the long list of distinguished guests who have visited our Province, thus increasing the knowledge of Canada, and her beauty and resources, in the minds of those who may some time be in a position to give material assistance to us, by their possession of that knowledge.

Governor Chandler died in office in the year 1880, and was succeeded by Hon. Robert Duncan Wilmot, who, with his family, lived in Government House till his term expired in 1885.

In that year Sir Leonard Tilley was again appointed Governor, and was the last of our Governors to live in Government House.

The long list of distinguished people who have been entertained in our Government House, and including many not mentioned in this short sketch, serves to show how necessary it is to a province to have such a residence for its governor, and to support it. Other facts show this as well; for instance, while Lord Lansdowne was here he had to live in his own special car, near the railway station; Lord Aberdeen in the residence of a private citizen of Fredericton; Lord Minto at the Queen Hotel; while the Duke and Duchess of York, now Prince and Princess of Wales, never came to the Capital at all, but accepted instead the hospitality of a family in private life in St. John.

At the time of Confederation it was rightly thought to be almost as necessary to have a house for the governor as a house for the members of Parliament. It may have often been inconvenient for the newly appointed governor to leave his home and go to live in Government House, but it was one of the duties of the position, and was always cheerfully accepted as such. Governor L. A. Wilmot gave up for the five years his house in the same city, and Governor R. D. Wilmot his lovely residence of "Belmont," a few miles below Fredericton, and Governor Chandler his home in Dorchester, to take up their duties to the people in Government House.

Perhaps the greatest benefit which has come to the people of the north and west of New Brunswick, through the residence in the Capital City of the Governors of the Province, is the erection of Victoria Hospital. It is to Lady Tilley's good offices and executive ability that the people of New Brunswick owe this great work, with its far-reaching influence for good, and it is doubtful whether a Governor's wife would feel so keen an interest in the Capital City, if she were not a resident of it. The good which is done in such a way as this, is not only to the city or country in which such a public blessing is instituted, but to the whole Province.

The beautiful Government House which I have described is standing empty, but is in a state of sound repair and of wonderfully good preservation. A master-builder of Fredericton went over it a few months ago, at the request of the Fredericton Local Council of Women, and made an approximate estimate of the cost of restoration. He found the whole place in good condition, to his great astonishment, walls, doors, windows, woodwork, foundation—all firm and solid. Even the basement, with its three foot stone walls, had no sign of damp or mould anywhere.

Do you wonder that the people of New Brunswick are trying to restore to their Province this grand old home of the past as the most suitable and desirable residence that could be provided for the Official Head of the Province—her Lieutenant-Governor?



MISS AGNES MAULE MACHAR

From a photograph taken when her first book was published

Canadian Celebrities

No. 73—AGNES MAULE MACHAR (FIDELIS)

"Miss Machar's 'Gray Day Among The Islands' is very good."



HE quotation is from a criticism of the annual exhibition of the Kingston branch of the Woman's Art Association of Canada, which appeared in the columns of the *Kingston Whig*. I paused as I read it, reflecting on the wonderful versatility of this gifted woman. Agnes Maule Machar is well known in Canada as a novelist and a poetess, but few know her as an artist. This is not because she has failed to produce work worthy of notice, but because of her innate sense of mod-

esty in exhibiting any of her sketches in public. A number of very pretty pictures, which adorn the walls of her literary retreat, are credited to her brush.

A delicate sensitiveness regarding publicity has marked all her life. Her earlier works were anonymous, and many such contributions to the *Globe* and other Canadian papers, touching questions of political and national moment, provoked spirited comment from leading writers and statesmen who little imagined that it was the product of a woman's pen which they were criticising. To this same spirit of reserve may be credited the fact that she has written, almost ex-

clusively, under the *nom de plume* of "Fidelis." She chose this pseudonym because, to use her own words: "Faithfulness is the quality I most value and care most to possess."

From the days of childhood Miss Machar has shown a love for letters. Her education, received from private teachers, was always superintended by her father, the late Rev. John Machar, D.D., an able preacher and an accomplished scholar, who was at one time incumbent of St. Andrew's church and for ten years principal of Queen's University, Kingston. With him "Fidelis" studied Greek and Latin before she was ten, and by the time she was fifteen she had made great progress in French, Italian, and German, besides mathematics, drawing and music. It was a proud day for him, when about her twelfth year, she presented him with a rhymed translation from Ovid, enclosed in an illuminated and illustrated cover of her own execution.

Since then she has been an untiring worker in the field of letters. Like Roberts, she loves her country fervently, and the true ring of a Canadian patriotism is the keynote of many of her best efforts.

"The one thing I have tried to do," she once told the writer, "is to cultivate a spirit of Canadianism and a deeper love of Canada in the hearts of her own people."

And no one can say that she has not succeeded. In her one published book of poems, "Lays of the 'True North' and Other Canadian Poems" (Elliot Stock, London), the following lines are found:

"Where'er Canadian thought breathes free,
Or strikes the lyre of poesy—
Where'er Canadian hearts awake
To sing a song for her dear sake,
Or catch the echoes, spreading far,
That wake us to the noblest war
Against each lurking ill and strife
That weakens now our growing life,
No line keep hand from clasping hand—
One is our young Canadian land.
McGee and Howe she counts her own;
Hers all her eastern singers' bays:
Fr  chette is hers, and in her crown
Ontario every laurel lays;
Let CANADA our watchword be,
While lesser names we know no more;

One nation spread from sea to sea,
And fused by love from shore to shore;
From sea to sea, from strand to strand,
Spreads our Canadian Fatherland."

Such lines cannot fail in their mission to kindle in the heart of every Canadian a deeper love of country and a more earnest desire to serve faithfully and well the land of his nativity or adoption, as the case may be.

Miss Machar is best known, however, not as a poetess, but as a novelist. One of her first prose works, "Katie Johnston's Cross," written in six weeks, won the first prize offered by Messrs. Campbell & Son, Toronto. For "For King and Country," a remarkably well-written story of the time of 1812, she was awarded the first prize offered by the *Canadian Monthly* for the best Canadian story sent in. Among her other published works are: "Lost and Won," a Canadian Romance; "Roland Graeme, Knight" (Wm. Drysdale & Co., Montreal); "Marjorie's Canadian Winter" (Lothrop & Co., Boston); "Stories of New France," in two series, the first by "Fidelis," the second by Mr. T. G. Marquis; "Portions of Picturesque Canada"; "Heir of Fairmount Grange" (Digby, Long & Co., London), and others.

Besides this "Fidelis" has been a liberal contributor to such periodicals as THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, *Canadian Monthly*, *Canada Presbyterian* and *Presbyterian Review*, *Scribner's*, *Century*, *St. Nicholas*, *Cross Magazine*, *Andover Review*, *Westminster Review*, *Catholic Presbyterian*, *Christian Union*, *Wide Awake*, etc., etc.

Miss Machar is a native of Kingston, where her winters are still spent. In her beautiful summer home, "Ferncliff," near Gananoque and among the Thousand Islands,—which, by the way, has been visited by Alfred Russell Wallace, the late Dr. J. G. Holland, Lyman Abbott, and many prominent Canadians, and which was picturesquely described by the late Grant Allen in *Longman's Magazine*—the occupation of writing divides her time with that of sketching and painting, for she is an enthusiast in art scarcely less than in literature. A

sister of Grant Allen was the wife of "Fidelis" only brother, the late J. Maule Machar, Q.C., and Master of Chancery, Kingston—a man of high culture and an able lawyer, and one always deeply interested in questions of social reform affecting the welfare of the masses, whose premature death was widely regretted.

Miss Machar's education is very broad. There is no question that attracts attention which is not interesting to her, and which she cannot discuss with ease and clearness. Her pen is constantly employed in the elaboration of thoughts and principles which affect the masses and make for their abiding good. Recent patriotic events have specially enlivened her muse.

To usefulness she was trained from her youth. From a sainted father and mother she inherited the love of humanity which has prompted her to unlim-

ited and unwearying service. During all her busy career she has had an ear which has been exceedingly sensitive to the cry of distress, and so she has laboured for the poor, the sick, the needy, and with a devotion that knows no abatement. She has been identified with every benevolent movement in the city, and has been its most enthusiastic supporter. Perhaps she labours too assiduously for the comfort of others, but it is a tribute to her fidelity, her anxiety, her care, that she could not enjoy comfort and know that some one lacked it and suffered in consequence.

A characteristic of this talented woman is her steadfastness to what she deems her duty. Others may become discouraged; she becomes simply heroic in her attitude, and will serve and act at any cost. The qualities that are hers are rare, and because they are so she is what she is.

Leman A. Guild

NO. 74—MRS. HERBERT CHAMBERLAIN



HE extraordinary manifestation of spontaneous enthusiasm with which the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain was greeted recently by his own city of Birmingham on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, may be taken not merely as a tribute to his personal popularity, but also as indicating how strongly the idea of British Imperialism has taken hold of the popular mind. Just how much the popularity of the Imperial idea owes to the trend of the time, and how much to individual advocacy, however powerful, it may not be easy to exactly determine. Among the ladies who have been prominently connected with the movement, perhaps no one has shown a deeper interest in the various phases of the work than Mrs. Herbert Chamberlain, whose husband was a younger brother of the famous ex-Secretary for the Colonies.

A sketch of Mrs. Herbert Chamberlain is practically a review of her work in the different Imperial organisations with which her name is associated. A Canadian by birth, Mrs. Chamberlain is a

daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Williams,* of Port Hope, Ontario. Col.

*To Lieutenant-Colonel Worsnop, of the Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles, Vancouver, I am indebted for the following reminiscence:

"The lamented Lieut.-Col. Williams died on board the steamer *North-West* on the North Saskatchewan River, early in July, 1885. The hardships of the campaign had told upon him, but he stuck to his post. One Sunday morning at the beginning of July, when General Middleton's column was at Fort Pitt, a church parade of the whole force was ordered. The day was extremely hot, and we were exposed to the full force of the sun's scorching rays. After parade poor Colonel Williams complained of his head, and the next morning it was reported that he was suffering from brain fever. He was carried on board the steamer *North-West*, and every care and attention paid him by the medical staff, unfortunately in vain. On the arrival of the boats at Battleford, the funeral took place, the entire force not on duty attending. The spectacle was one of the most impressive I have ever seen. The body was sent overland from Battleford to Swift Current, and thence by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Port Hope. I cannot tell you how we mourned his loss, nor how deeply we esteemed and honoured him."

Williams was among the first to volunteer to go to the front in the Northwest Rebellion of 1885, cheerfully enduring the hardships of the campaign. After leading his men at Batoche, it was observed that the rigours of the campaign told upon his health, and early in July, 1885, he succumbed to brain fever, adding another name to the honourable roll of those whose "sacrifice and self-devotion hallow earth and fill the skies." It may be that the privations endured by the Canadian veterans of 1885, and the imperfect arrangements for supplying them with necessities and comforts, may partly explain the unselfish readiness with which Mrs. Chamberlain gave time, strength and energy to the work of sending out supplies to the soldiers in South Africa. Certainly the committee interested in promoting the welfare of the men at the front, had no more active member than this daughter of a Canadian soldier.

Her interest has not been limited to military matters. In the different political and social organisations, her name is prominent. She is chairman of the Women's Association of the Tariff Reform League, the object of which is primarily educational, an effort being made by means of lectures, meetings, discussions, and the distribution of literature compiled from governmental reports, to enable women to take a more intelligent interest in the work of fiscal reform. To strengthen the bonds between Great Britain and her Colonies, and to develop and consolidate the resources of the Empire, are also the aims of the Association.

Another organisation which claims her sympathy is the Victoria League, formed in the year 1901, with the aim of binding together more closely the Imperial organisations of Great Britain and her Colonies. The League grew out of an earnestly expressed wish of the South African "Guild of Loyal Women" to establish in London some institution in affiliation with the "Guild," which has its Canadian counterpart in the "Daughters of the Empire." The time was favourable for the formation of such an organisation. Imperialism was in the

air, the patriotic feeling required but a suggestion to be translated into action, and an influential executive committee was formed with the Countess of Jersey as chairman. The lamented Lady Tweedmouth, the Honourable Mrs. Albert Lyttelton, and Mrs. Herbert Chamberlain, were among the most enthusiastic workers. The League soon found many opportunities for the employment of its activities, one of the matters in which the members interested themselves being the caring for the graves of the soldiers who sleep their last sleep on the South African veldt.

Another development from the League, and one with which it is in close touch, is the Ladies' Empire Club, formed with the object of enabling the British members of the club to meet in friendly intercourse, ladies from the Colonies who may be sojourning in London. Of this club Mrs. Chamberlain is chairman, and to this work, which is by no means light, she devotes herself with absolute enjoyment. One feature of the work of the committee is the arranging with well-known London hostesses to receive and entertain visitors from the Colonies, and to strengthen by every means in their power the ties of personal friendship between the British at home and the British beyond the seas.

The work of the Victoria League has its educational side also. There is naturally a dearth of knowledge of the Colonies, even among cultured folk in the Old Land. To overcome that lack of knowledge, and to stimulate an interest in Greater Britain and her people, at the suggestion of Sir Gilbert Parker and the Hon. Mrs. Lyttelton, a Sub-Educational Committee was formed with the object of providing an incentive to the British schools to acquire something more than a merely superficial knowledge of the British dominions beyond the seas. In order to attain this object prizes are offered for competition among the pupils in the subjects of colonial History and Geography, and also for the best essays on colonial subjects. An effort is made to reach the older people by arranging popular Lantern Lectures, illustrating the customs and mode of



MRS. HERBERT CHAMBERLAIN

life prevailing in the different dependencies of the Empire.

A branch of the League's work in which Mrs. Chamberlain is peculiarly interested is the assisting of British women emigrating to the Colonies, more especially such as may be alone in the world. Members of the League take a kindly personal interest in these women, communicating with the colonial Guilds, who extend a welcoming hand to these strangers from the home land, and by helping them in numberless ways, encourage them to struggle onward and upward with a stout heart. This free-masonry of women working unselfishly for the common good, cannot but be a boon to the whole Empire.

With all Mrs. Chamberlain's public work she finds time to dispense a charming hospitality at her beautiful London home. Energetic, tactful, and with a magnetic personality, she is always a striking figure at the many functions where Canada is represented. To her three children she is a devoted mother, and to her many friends a friend indeed. Her husband, Mr. Herbert Chamberlain, who was in keen sympathy with his wife's public work, died on the 18th of May, 1904, and in Mrs. Chamberlain's great sorrow, many hearts who knew her only through the good that she has done, went out to her in tender sympathy.

Margaret Eadie Henderson.





OPENING THE TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY, OCTOBER, 1869

This party of Torontonians accompanied Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald to Cannington, where he turned the first sod on the new road. The names, reading from left to right are: Edmund Wragge, Chief Engineer Toronto and Nipissing Railway; J. C. Fitch, Director Toronto and Nipissing Railway; George Laidlaw, Director Toronto and Nipissing Railway; Joseph Gould, Director Toronto and Nipissing Railway; Hon. John Beverly Robinson, President Northern Railway; Robert Elliot, President Toronto and Nipissing Railway; Hon. J. Sandfield Macdonald, Premier of Ontario; James E. Smith, Ex-Mayor of Toronto, Vice-President Toronto and Nipissing Railway; John Leys, Solicitor Toronto and Nipissing Railway; Hon. G. W. Allan, Chairman of Trustees Toronto and Nipissing Railway; Captain W. F. McMaster, Director Toronto and Nipissing Railway; J. Brethour, Trustee Toronto and Nipissing Railway; James Graham, Secretary-Treasurer Toronto and Nipissing Railway.

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The Passing of the Poet

A Reply to Professor Leacock

By SUSAN E. CAMERON



In the far away summer of the year of grace 1579 there was issued from the publishing house of Master Thomas Woodcocke, London, a slim pamphlet bearing a portentous title:

"The Schoole of Abuse, Containing a pleasant invective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters and such-like *Caterpillers of a Commonwelth*: setting up a flagge of Defiance to their mischievous exercise, and overthrowing their Bulwarkes, by Prophane Writers, Naturall reason and Common experience."

It was furthermore stated on the title page that the chapters following contained "a discourse as pleasant for Gentlemen that favour learning, as profitable for all that wyll follow vertue." To which modest advertisement was appended the author's name—Stephen Gosson, Stud. Oxon.

So lengthy is the title of the little book that one hardly need go further to understand its contents. It was an invective against poetry, not by an outsider, but by one of the studious academic band, whose daily and nightly readings supposedly testified to their reverence for the poets' lore. The poets were wounded in the house of their friends.

History repeats itself. The present year of grace saw the appearance in a prominent modern magazine (*CANADIAN MAGAZINE*, May, 1906) of an article entitled "The Passing of the Poet," a paper, modestly described as a sketch, by Stephen Leacock, a gentleman, who as all Canadian scholars know, might describe himself as Student, Don, Preceptor, nay Doctor (*magna cum laude*) of more than one great university—in short an academic person of distinction. Once more Learning is girding at Poetry—and why? On what meat have they fed, these Stephens of the Sixteenth Century and the Twentieth, that they have grown so intolerant of the pleasant food of their youth. For there

is no manner of doubt that they are abusing that which once was daily bread. Stephen Gosson was an actor after he left Oxford and conned many lines of verse, not to mention those of his own composing, which he and his brother actors ranted upon the stage. His latter-day namesake has a record as lecturer, raconteur and man of letters. Have his discourses never been lightened by rhythmical flashes from the poets' storehouse? And what of those original lines, where rhyme and metre have not been despised as aids to point the wit and wisdom of a fluent pen? Decidedly there is something outrageous in the attitude of these two poet-revilers; killers of the prophets, one might well name them. He who keeps their name ablaze on the roll of the saints suffered martyrdom by stoning. Why should these his namesakes so reverse the rôle and occupy themselves with this ignoble business of stone-casting?

One must not suppose, however, that the line taken by the two is identical. Gosson plainly supposed that poets were dangerous, and set up his "flagge of defiance" against them. Dr. Leacock regards them as futile creatures, tolerated in earlier, sillier generations than ours, and destined to become extinct as the race becomes full grown. He does not, he professes, wish or require to accelerate their extinction—it will come about of itself in the fulness of time. His little article is apparently merely a metaphorical spurning of a limping dog over the threshold of the new civilisation. It is very significant that the mysterious brotherhood whom the Greeks and Romans in their time, and the Italians of the Renaissance, regarded as seers, prophets and the truest of creators* should in an age of nascent

*NOTE—Italian and English writers of the period were fond of quoting Tasso's line: "Non merita nome di Creatore, se non Iddio ed il poeta"—None merits the name of Creator save God and the Poet.

puritanism be abused as immoral, and in an age of full-grown materialism be condemned as useless.

It is a consoling reflection that while each of our authors represents truly enough one phase of the opinion of his time, he is far from expressing its dominant thought. Gosson's article is remembered now chiefly because it was the immediate cause which produced one of the most splendid prose utterances of one of the greatest English writers of his day, Sidney's immortal "Defence of Poesie," the crushing answer to Gosson's insignificant challenge. Dr. Leacock's article is many times wittier than Gosson's; if it should evoke an answer proportionately greater than Sidney's, it certainly has not been written in vain. But in the interval between Gosson's book and Sidney's, slighter protests appeared, such as the "Defence" of Thomas Lodge. Even so the present writer, while waiting for the adequate reply, ventures to throw down a modest handful of disapproval.

Dr. Leacock levels his first dart at the antiquity of poetry. This might be turned, it was by Sidney, into an argument for its continuance; but our modern writer, his ideas guided by the doctrine of evolution, regards it as one of the former things destined to pass away. He might have proceeded on the same lines to the conclusion of yet higher developments of poetry, more various differentiations. Speech is also a fairly ancient possession of the race. Is it destined to disappear, or shall we not look for purer forms of speech, not more simple—the gibber of the primeval ape was surely less complex than Dr. Leacock's writing—but richer, more varied, more poetical, in short?

Poetry has always been with us because certain things could always be expressed in poetry better than in prose, and even in this latter day, when our conceptions of the suitability of forms have changed so much, there are still certain ideas which clothe themselves naturally in verse and are unfitly clad in any worse garment. Much harm has doubtless been done by the poetaster, he who dons the poetic weed, not having the stature required for it. Dr. Leacock, like Macaulay before him, hits the poetaster very hard, with a vigour

quite out of proportion to the occasion. The poetaster is such a silly person—why should one bother with him? The gentleman of the old school who wrote laboured lines to "fair Edith" would have been equally lame in prose, and the labour expended was at least as much of a compliment to his fair one as are the slangy notes of his grandson to the object of his equally uninspired admiration.

It is a little hard to see, too, why a widespread taste for poetry should be so mercilessly desecrated. "Parents read poetry to their children," writes Dr. Leacock of the former sentimental ages; "children recited poetry to their parents." One wonders what they read and recite now which is so much better—physiology perhaps, or political economy. But knowledge of these subjects does not seem to approach universality as nearly as one could wish in this unpoetical and well-informed generation.

As for Dr. Leacock's parallel passages in verse and prose, one must simply beg leave to say they are not parallel at all and hence not valuable as illustrations to the subject in hand. A quotation from Gray has been made to stand beside one from Huxley, "precisely similar in thought, though different in form," and the reader is called upon to admire "the more modern presentation" of the idea by the great scientist. Now, in the first place, the two passages are by no means similar in thought; in the second, the one is as modern as the other, because it is a universal sentiment, the particular possession of no age at all, and thirdly, it was grossly unfair to make Huxley serve so ungracious a position towards poetry. For Huxley, like most great scientists, was by no means antagonistic to poetry; on the contrary, he read it, as we learn from his son, much and appreciatively. He loved Keats, most poetic of all poets; he revered Tennyson, not only as a friend, a great contemporary in the world of letters, but as a poet. On his way back from Tennyson's funeral, he not only indulged in reflections fatally sentimental from our critic's point of view, but also he allowed some of these reflections to crystallise into a set of memorial verses! (See *Nineteenth Century* for Nov., 1892). No one was more aware

than Huxley that many things besides the beating of the heart cease when a man dies. He was speaking, in the article quoted, of the one which at the moment happened to be his subject. Gray, with equal justification, was reflecting upon others; so was Huxley in his memorial verses, and his reflections, like Gray's, fell naturally into a poetical shape. The real prose parallel for Huxley's lines is in the final paragraph of Raleigh's *History of the World*, that wonderful passage which rings in the ears of many of us innocent of familiarity with the stupendous book itself, the sounding lines beginning: "O eloquent, just and mighty Death, whom none hath advised, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done," and so on, a paragraph of noble prose which lingers in the memory because it is so very like poetry.

There is indeed no very hard and fast line between fine prose and fine verse, granting that each is expressing a great enough idea. Given a strong enough stimulus and a mind tuned to it, poetry follows inevitably, nor must one be dogmatic as to the nature of the stimulating subject. It varies in different ages. Dr. Leacock complains that the poets of the past sang too much of stars, flowers and other natural phenomena. A natural complaint perhaps for a son of this age of electricity. Kipling pined for a poet "to sing the praise of steam" and succeeded in doing it pretty well himself. McAndrew's Hymn is a production which any locomotive might be proud to have inspired! Hazlitt, in the early nineteenth century, delved deep into the secret of the origin of poetry and expressed the result of his investigations in an essay too good to be shown in scraps by quotation, a few words of which must, however, be quoted here: "Wherever there is a sense of beauty, or power or harmony, as in a motion of a wave of the sea, in the growth of a flower that 'spreads its sweet leaves to the air, and dedicates its beauty to the sun', there is poetry in its birth." And Dryden, his greater predecessor, goes still

nearer to the root of the matter with his:

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began.

The present unpopularity of poetry may be due to the fact that this is a very noisy age. We are all living by machinery and the noise of it drowns all sorts of harmonies, but the brooks "with their obstinate, all but hushed voices," still murmur, "persistent and low," and one day when machinery has advanced still further and become silent, we shall hear them again, and other harmonious sounds as well—the music of the spheres perhaps. And when we hear them we shall copy them again. Or perhaps we shall follow Kipling and make poetry out of machinery. The development of new forces should stimulate fuller expression. At all events we shall surely, certainly, inevitably, have poetry again. Poetry to-day is like Arthur after the dispersal of the Table Round, fighting now its "last weird battle in the West." Like Arthur might the Angel of Poetry cry, "I perish by this people that I made," and like Arthur again declare with magnificent assurance, "I pass, but cannot die."

But these are rather heavy weapons with which to attack so nimble and graceful an adversary. Dr. Leacock's delightful *jeu d'esprit* should not have provoked a sermon, though its author certainly merited punishment of some kind. He ought to be reminded, as Mr. Birrell reminds his readers in one of his inimitable essays, that it is not well to cavil at genius "for we have none ourselves; but we are so constituted that we cannot live without it." Perhaps we had better leave him with Sidney's final words by way of farewell: "Then, though I will not wish unto you the Asses ears of *Midas*, nor to be driven by a poets verses (as Bubonax was) to hang himself, nor to be rimed to death, as is sayd to be doone in Ireland; yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalfe of all Poets, that while you live, you live in love, and never get favour for lacking skill of a *Sonnet*; and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an *Epitaph*."

Civil Service Reform in Wisconsin

By HON. ERNEST N. WARNER, author of the Wisconsin
Civil Service Act



FOR the past decade there has been going on in Wisconsin, under the leadership of Robert M. La Follette, former Governor, now United States Senator, a vigorous and determined contest to restore and safeguard to the people of this commonwealth the right of representative government. Barriers found in the way of that movement have been grappled with and removed. The principle has been announced that we live under a republican form of government, and that each individual in the state is entitled to an equal voice in the affairs of that government. The end sought in these contests is a more perfect democracy, bringing with it greater political equality and a fairer distribution of the burdens of government.

At the very outset of this campaign for better things in Wisconsin, an attack upon the political "system" was inaugurated. This "system" had for its main support the political machine, the very organization and method of which could but obscure principles and dwarf individuals. Candidates for elective public offices were placed in nomination by conventions of delegates who were selected either by delegates elected from the various precincts directly to the convention, or by delegates selected by other conventions, made up of delegates sent from precincts to such primary conventions. Principles involved in the campaigns were obscured by the personal contests for the local or precinct endorsement. The man who could be sent from his locality as a delegate to a convention secured some political prestige, and great was the activity and effort for this little personal endorsement of neighbours.

This endorsement secured, his next step was to become a local overlord or boss, not in a large way, but in a small way; he became the leader of his precinct to whom all matters of patronage in that precinct must be referred, which gave him

additional lordship over his neighbours. Then if he were sufficiently influential to be elected a delegate by his neighbours, and if he could determine the persons within his precinct who could hold public office, whether by election or appointment, he could command the respect of special interests. He made his demands for free transportation, and the pass and the frank came for the asking. Boss rule was then complete. Interchange of favours between the machine and special interests, mostly corporate interests, placed the people of the state at the mercy of the combination.

In order to shake off this "system," an attack was first successfully made against the issuance of passes to public officials and party committeemen. That political perquisite was taken away after a bitter, hard, continuous contest. Not only did the legislature pass stringent laws against the practice, but the people wrote the prohibition into the fundamental law of the state.

The next attack upon the "system" was made against the method of nominating candidates for public office. After repeated failure of effort the people finally secured in 1903 the enactment of a most sweeping law abolishing the delegate system of nominating candidates for public office, and substituting in its place direct primaries, so that in the selection of all candidates for elective offices, each voter has an equal voice with every other to determine who shall be his nominee.

In this way another political perquisite was eliminated. Instead of the primary contests being mere scrambles among a few persons to secure a personal endorsement as delegate, the attention of the voter is now centered upon issues.

The legislature of 1905 was significantly composed of earnest, sincere, reasonable men, a majority of whom in each house acknowledged their commission to represent solely the people. They were anxious to take any further step necessary to safe-

guard all the rights of the people. Of the perquisites of the boss there remained but the power to dictate appointments to office.

In his message to the legislature of 1905, Governor La Follette recommended the passage of a Civil Service Act. He said, "This is a government 'of the people, by the people, and for the people.' The government must be administered by servants selected in some manner. The people themselves cannot discharge all the duties and perform all the service required. The fundamental idea of democracy is that all men are equal before the law. What proposition is plainer than that every citizen should have an equal opportunity to aspire to serve the public, and that when he does so aspire the only test applied should be that of merit? Any other test is undemocratic. To say that the test of party service should be applied is just as undemocratic as it would be to apply the test of birth or wealth or religion. I quote the words of that eminent publicist, Hon. Carl Schurz, as expressive of the views which I believe ought to be embodied in a law pertaining to the public service:

"Is not this the equality of opportunity which forms the very life element of true democracy? On the one side the aristocracy of influence which grants or withholds as a favor what merit may claim as a right. On the other hand, the democracy of equal opportunity which recognizes in all citizens alike the right of merit by giving the best men the best chance."

No demand in the columns of the press, no platform promise, no considerable public discussion had preceded this recommendation. It was the expression of conviction on the part of the leaders in this cause of good government in Wisconsin, that it was a necessary step to be taken in that cause.

This was the first public demand for the enactment of a State Civil Service Law. Prior to this time there had been in successful operation for some years, Civil Service Acts applicable to the police and fire departments of the cities of the state having a population of ten thousand and over, and to all the departments of the city of

Milwaukee, the Metropolis of the State. These laws had been initiated and enacted by men in public life, and without the intervention or demand of any Civil Service Reform League or other organization to promote the cause of Civil Service Reform.

Many years ago there was organized in Wisconsin a Civil Service Reform League, but no legislation along the line of Civil Service Reform in this state can be attributed directly to the influence of that league. It was not active at the time of the passage of the civil service acts relating to the municipalities. When it became noised abroad shortly before the meeting of the legislature of 1905, that the Governor in his message to the legislature might recommend the passage of a State Civil Service Act, new life was suddenly breathed into the almost extinct body of the State Civil Service Reform League. Reorganization was effected, and in the preparation of the bill and the discussion of the measure valuable aid was contributed by the State and National Civil Service Reform Leagues.

The Civil Service Bill was introduced in the assembly early in the legislative session. It sought to apply the merit test to appointments throughout the state service, the excepted positions being confined quite closely to such subordinates as necessarily sustained confidential relations with their superiors.

When the bill was offered it was confidently asserted that not one-seventh of the members of the assembly would support it. To many of the members the subject was entirely new, and their opposition was due to their conservatism, and to their feeling that the subject was something on which the people had not passed, and that the safe thing to do was to vote against it on general principles as being something new, untried, and unnecessary. There was the opposition of the successful politicians, members of the party in power, who were jealous of the spoils that come with victory. It was not easy voluntarily to surrender these spoils. They asked, "What is there in it for us? Are we not in? What is there in it for us to take away the spoils of office and put the offices upon the merit basis?"

There were those, however, even among the politicians of the party in power who said: "The vitality of our organisation demands that we ourselves shall take this next step. That we purge the pay rolls of the state of the incompetent and the superfluous, leaving only those persons upon the rolls who are meritorious, and provide that after the passage of this act such persons only shall be appointed to office who shall by competitive tests secure their positions upon the merit list." There was a nucleus, particularly of the business men in the legislature, who looked upon the measure as a business proposition; they said: "This is right; the business of the state should be transacted on business principles, and the state ought to have the benefit of the service of her best equipped citizens irrespective of politics."

A public hearing upon the bill was had during the session at which those opposed as well as those favourable to it were invited to present their views and criticisms; civil service experts were present who offered valuable suggestions for the improvement of the bill. This public hearing was of great value. It afforded an opportunity to discuss publicly the benefits of the merit system. It served a large purpose in satisfying the people of the state that the bill was offered in good faith for the public weal. It brought out some weaknesses in the original bill. Every suggestion made for the improvement of the bill was entertained by those in charge of it. The greatest opposition to the particular measure came from those in charge of the state charitable, reformatory and penal institutions. Wisconsin has for many years ranked high among the states of the Union in her treatment and care of her unfortunates and her criminals. Well directed and largely successful efforts have been made for many years to keep politics out of these institutions, and to establish the merit principle within them. Those in charge of these institutions felt that such a law would be unnecessary as applied to them, that in many respects the strictures provided in the bill upon the employment, discipline and discharge of officials would be seriously detrimental

to the welfare of these institutions. Holding fast to the contention that all positions in the state service should be brought by law upon the merit basis, certain modifications were made in the bill as applied to the state institutions. They did not vitally affect the application of the merit principle, and the law is a better law and a more workable one in the state institutions as modified.

The Civil Service Bill gained friends as the principles embodied in it became better understood. Every test vote showed increased support. There was no disposition to force the measure. All possible latitude for consideration and discussion was given, and it was well toward the end of an unusually long session of the legislature that the bill finally passed both houses by substantially a two-thirds majority, was signed by the Governor, and became law.

The Wisconsin Act was modelled after the most approved provisions of Civil Service Acts in force in other states, notably New York and Massachusetts, and in the Federal Service. It goes much further than these laws in that there are incorporated in the body of the act itself many provisions that are found in the rules and regulations. Thus, the Civil Service Act itself is largely self-operative, and the Wisconsin Commission has found it unnecessary to frame many rules and regulations. The Wisconsin Act is unique in that it requires of all employees at present in the State Service (except those in the reformatory, charitable and penal institutions) a non-competitive or pass examination as a condition of continuing in the state service for a longer period than six months after the act went into operation.

This act took most advanced grounds on the subject of removals. The appointing officer has the absolute power of removal, subject only to the limitation that removals shall "be for just cause, which shall not be religious or political. In all cases of removal the appointing officer shall, at the time of such action, furnish to the subordinate his reasons for the same, and allow him a reasonable time within which to make

an explanation. The reasons for removal and the answer thereto shall be filed in writing with the Commission." The appeal by the person removed, if after his hearing by the appointing officer he still feels that he has a grievance, must be to the courts, and not to the Commission, which has no power to interfere with removals. The function of the Civil Service Commission is to prepare eligible lists and to see that the service is regular and not padded, and that the spirit of the merit system is fully respected.

The Wisconsin Act exempts certain positions in the classified service from the operations of the Act. It then provides that the Commission may, only after a public hearing, exempt other positions, and in certain instances exempt certain persons in case of recognised professional or technical attainments. In each case the reasons for any such exemption shall be stated in the public reports. These provisions safeguard the merit system, and are believed to close successfully the loop-hole that has operated in many instances in defeating the merit principle.

In addition to penalties provided in the act for violation of its provisions a self-enforcing provision was incorporated which requires that pay rolls of all employees under the Act shall be certified by the Civil Service Commission, and that any sums paid without such certification may be recovered from the officer making such appointment or causing such payment to be made.

The purpose of Civil Service legislation being to eliminate the political and personal equation in making appointments, the Wisconsin Act defines as bribery the promise by a candidate for office or of a person holding office, of political appointment, or the promise of official authority or influence to obtain such appointment in return for aid in securing political preferment.

The law provides that employees shall not be compelled to engage involuntarily in political work, or to submit to political assessments. Suitable penalties are provided for the violation of either of the above provisions.

A feature of the Wisconsin law which tended to win for it many friends, is the provision that examinations shall be held simultaneously at a convenient point in each of the assembly districts of the state, and in case of assembly districts embracing more than one county, at each county seat therein. This requires examinations to be held at the same time in one hundred and eleven different places in the state. No provision is made in the law for carrying out this direction. The Commission conceived the plan of selecting local boards to hold these examinations. They invited each member of the lower house to recommend five leading citizens without regard to politics, one of whom should be a person familiar with examination methods. The members of the legislature cheerfully complied with this request. From these names suggested the Commission selected three persons at each examining centre who hold the examinations in their locality pursuant to directions, and upon tests sent out from the office of the Commission. These examining boards are made up of leading citizens of the state who serve without compensation. This plan not only provides the machinery for carrying out the provision of the law that at first was thought to be somewhat burdensome, but it has the added advantage of enlisting throughout the state, the co-operation and support of a large number of influential people in the support of the merit principle. It is doubtful if any provision of the act served so largely to popularise it with the members as this provision, that the examinations shall be brought close home to their constituents, where at small expense any person desiring to serve the state can submit to the test with the assurance that the best man will win no matter from what part of the state he hails. The state likewise by this means will doubtless secure the applications of many persons of high merit who would not be willing to make application if required to be at large expense of time and money in travelling to some distant point to take the examination.

In drafting the Wisconsin Act, a pro-

vision was inserted placing legislative employees in the classified service, but inasmuch as their tenure is only for a short term, once in two years, the main provisions of the act were scarcely applicable to this particular class, and a separate act was passed applying the merit system to legislative positions, this being the first time in the history of civil service legislation that the merit test had been applied by law to legislative employees. The law covering this subject was passed subsequent to the passage of the main act, and it only serves to show what a deep hold the merit principle had taken on the Wisconsin legislature when once the subject was before them. This act reduces the number of employees, requires full hours of service, permits employment of men only, and places the preparation of eligible lists for the positions in the hands of the civil service commission. This law will prove a great relief to members

of the legislature whose time in the early part of the session has heretofore been largely engrossed with solicitations for positions by applicants for office.

It will be seen that Wisconsin stands well in the forefront in applying the merit principle to appointments in the public service. Persons high in authority declare the Wisconsin State Civil Service Act to be the most comprehensive and complete statute on the subject that has yet been enacted. Its passage was made possible at this time in Wisconsin, because of a contest that has been going on for many years in this state for better government. It was a natural step in that movement. It was enacted by the dominant party without pressure from the outside, because of the conviction that spoils of office are a weakness rather than a strength to party organization, and because of the conviction that the merit principle is essentially democratic, and in a democracy is right.

The Prodigal

BY ISABEL E. MACKAY

"And when he came to himself—"

CAME to himself—and looked upon his soul
With startled eyes from which the mists had cleared;
Gazing and shuddering, yet gazing still,
Alone he looked upon his soul and feared.

This was his soul, this soiled and sodden thing!
This violated shrine with long dead fire,
Deserted of its tendant ministers—
Youth, hope and every high and pure desire.


Out to the night he fled, and wandered far,
Lost in the mazes of this new despair
And anguished by remembrance; and the stars,
Blazing above, mocked through the empty air.

Then came the tender mystery that morn
Knows ere the dewdrop, sun-kissed, disappears;
And in his blackened heart, perchance some spring
Welled up to overflow in cleansing tears.

And, as the sudden sun leapt glorious forth,
Flashing his promise down the barren slope,
Perchance, before the wonder of the dawn
He looked upon his soul—and dared to hope!

La Bonne Ste. Anne

By MABEL BURKHOLDER

"ELL me what he said," repeated Segert with gentle insistence.

Lawry Dayre, editor of the *Montreal Advance*, an obscure periodical which persisted in running its indomitable chief and itself to the ground financially, still gazed stolidly into the grate. For half an hour he had striven for that mask of petrified composure; and should it fall before the first whisper of a gentle, golden-headed, velvet-robed girl? Even in its unnatural rigidity Lawry Dayre's face was good to look on. His dark, dreamy eyes gave expression to an intensely idealistic and poetic nature. In profile his features were tender, sensitive, refined, rather than strong; but when he pushed the mass of black hair off his forehead and looked you squarely in the eye, there was strength too. When standing in careless repose, you deemed him a tall figure, straight and graceful; you looked twice before you saw that he bore his full weight upon one leg, and that the other was artificial. He was exceedingly sensitive about his deformity, and with the aid of a cane bore himself so well that people had long since ceased to turn their heads after him when he walked in the streets. Segert St. Lin was so accustomed to his shambling gait, that she appeared to have forgotten all about it. That is why Dayre lingered perilously long at her fireside.

"I would rather not tell you what your father said, Segert!" he exclaimed, biting his lip weakly. "And yet, having commenced, I must finish. He only gave me a description of myself. It was all as true as if he had set a mirror before me, and bade me look into it. And then he described you, and I never saw before how great a difference there was between us—the more fool I. I think he mentioned all my misfortunes; he even spoke of this," and, with a gesture of bitterness, he laid his hand upon the stiffly-bent knee.

Segert did not speak, but she crept

closer, and put her hand inside his, which immediately closed over it.

"The son of the Hon. Eustace Sheaffe had been there pleading his case, and I think your father jumped on me because I am always hanging about the house obstructing the progress of more influential suitors. 'Who are you,' he cried, 'to aspire to my daughter? What credentials do you bring? What is your family name worth? What is your business worth? Have you enough to keep the girl from starving in the streets? Segert is not penniless. She has, from her mother, enough for both, if she decides to take a man to keep.'"

The strong voice broke, like the running down of a violin string, and one hasty tear ran unbidden from his swimming eyes, and dashed upon Segert's hand.

"'Make a thousand dollars,' he cried, 'a paltry thousand within the year, and assure me that you can make it every year, and then it will be time to consider the question. Man, you are clever enough to gull the public in some shape, and that's what getting rich means.'"

"What answer did you make father?" inquired the girl.

I took him up—with my usual idiocy. What means have I, a weakling, of fulfilling the requirements? What right have I to ask Segert St. Lin, the sought-after, the flattered, the adored, to wait for a penniless *cripple*, until he has earned enough to keep her?"

"I will wait for you until a year from to-day," said Segert simply, "and if you do not come then, I will wait another year."

"Darling!" he exclaimed, folding her to his heart, "do not tempt me; I am weak enough to-day to be glad at the thought of your immolation. Help me to leave you."

She ignored his words utterly. "There are some quick ways of getting rich," she mused. "You are clever. You can devise any scheme you wish. Go somewhere, away from your old life, where you

feel that you can do your best, and I will wait here."

"O Segert, I haven't it in me to tempt fortune further. Let me tie my misfortunes like a stone about my neck and sink into oblivion."

His calm despair was hard to cope with. Segert's head went down. "You have never loved me," she said, so low that he could scarcely hear.

He straightened up. "I am strong. I am going. I will find something. Since Segert St. Lin loves me, I will go out and have another battle with fortune. Good-by, sweet girl, good-by. If I win, it will be because someone believed in me, when I didn't believe in myself."

The only impression which remained with Segert of those few last minutes was that her face was scorched by Lawry Dayre's hot lips and burning eyes, while she, like a blind and deaf mute, struggled frantically, but vainly, to express herself in speech. When she came to herself she was alone in the dimly-lighted room, stretching out weak hands to vacancy.

"Yours to go and mine to stay," she murmured, dropping her golden head on her uplifted arms. "O, do not think, Lawry, that you have the hardest lot!" A moment later she composed herself into her usual erect dignity, and calmly prepared for tea, for she heard her father and Eustace Sheaffe in the dining-room.

Segert was pre-eminently a dutiful daughter, else in the miserable days that followed, she would surely have learned to hate the querulous old man, who was exacting more than a daughter's duty. The girl remembered no other parent. Her Swedish mother, a gentle creature with a golden head like herself, had died before Segert's remembrance, leaving the only child to the care of her business-engrossed father, who loved her tremendously in his way, but who concealed it so well under a grouchy exterior, that no one guessed it—Segert least of all. Yet she loved him in a daughterly fashion, and though he was putting the testing weight on her affection, she failed not to give him his accustomed dues. In fact, he looked so worn of late, and passed so many sleep-

less nights with his rheumatic hip, that her heart smote her whenever an unkind thought of him found lodgment there.

In two respects only she resisted the combined forces of his will and lawful authority. She utterly refused to consider Eustace Sheaffe as a suitor. He who was commonly spoken of as the son of Hon. Eustace Sheaffe, because he had not characteristics enough of his own to mark him as a separate individual, had inspired Segert's intensest scorn, in spite of his vast wealth. Also, she positively refused to open the piano, so that for the entire year the voice that had made cheer and merriment in the house, was given up wholly to prayer. In these two respects she was disobedient.

Nightly they sat in silent grandeur, she with her eyes wandering over a book, he nursing his pains by the heat. Sheaffe's name had gradually been dropped from their conversation, as also had another and dearer name by tacit consent. Yet the thoughts of both were with the wanderer, and each knew that their thoughts touched, and fitted into one another like revolving cog-wheels, which always get back to the same point though they be constantly turning in opposite directions. He missed, as well as she, the genial flow of conversation and the refined, literary atmosphere that Lawry Dayre had brought into the house, but what he missed most of all was Segert's smile.

She never walked abroad but that she feared to meet Lawry Dayre somewhere. Yes, feared it, as well as desired it, for she knew he must be sadly changed by the great struggle he was undergoing. Could he, in his shattered condition, earn the one thousand dollars honestly? Would he not rather gain it by disreputable but speedy means? She had heard him say once, that there was money in hotel-keeping, but could not imagine him filling the place of the usual stout, self-satisfied bartender. She oftener pictured his dark, eager face bent over the gaming table. One night she had a vivid dream that he had successfully robbed the Bank of Montreal and, laying many thousands of dollars in her lap, had looked to her for approval of his dishonourable act. And so

in vague conjecture and surmising her wretched winter glided away.

Before spring had fully dawned all Segert's fears and dreads, longings and surmises, were swallowed up in one gigantic fear that stalked before her vision to the exclusion of everything else. That fear was that her father was going to die. His features were shrunken to the size of a child's from pure pain; his querulousness was hard to bear. Instead of going to his office at daybreak he crawled down a few hours after dinner, and this to Segert seemed an intimation that the worst was not far off. Many eminent physicians were called, and they unanimously diagnosed Mr. St. Lin's case as one of hopeless rheumatism, tedious, but not fatal. The danger, they agreed, lay in the action of his indomitable will, that in confinement goaded him to the verge of insanity.

Mr. St. Lin's only spiritual adviser during his weary illness was Father Goyt, a venerable Roman Catholic priest. This holy man's patience was the more in evidence because sharply contrasted with St. Lin's ravings. He meekly bore the sick man's insults because he knew that St. Lin regarded him with toleration, and inquired after him when he absented himself beyond his usual period. One day, when St. Lin was irritable beyond all reason, the priest turned to him sharply with the words: "You vile sinner! How can you expect to be healed?"

"Father," inquired the sick man, strangely subdued by the sudden electricity in the little priest's eyes, "is sin the cause of this hellish torture?"

Father Goyt was never more in earnest than when he replied, true to his ascetic training: "Pain is always the result of sin. On your soul is something black, which the holy God refuses to overlook."

"Is the sin mine or my daughter's?" said St. Lin, indicating the faithful Segert who stood near, for it was his pet hypothesis to ascribe his illness to his daughter's disobedience, in refusing to make him happy by marrying the son of the Hon. Eustace Sheaffe.

The priest gazed steadily into the girl's lily face, and then his eyes came back to St. Lin. "The sin is yours."

"Then pray what is it?"

"I do not know. But surely in the recesses of your soul you see some hidden crime against Deity."

"I do not!" roared St. Lin.

"The crime is, in all probability, conceit," muttered Father Goyt, for which speech St. Lin threw his tea-cup and its contents at the little man's head. Segert had to follow him out into the hall, and beg him to come the next day as usual, for her father was always worse when the holy man's prayer was not said over him.

A week later, during which time her father had lain in swoon-like silence, refusing food and drink, he suddenly opened his eyes with a rapt expression that alarmed Segert, and made her instantly telephone for the doctor and Father Goyt.

"I am going to Ste. Anne," he announced.

"Do you mean to her shrine at Beau-pré?" cried Segert aghast.

"I do. I have been talking to the sweet healer of diseases all these days. You must carry me to her shrine, and lay me at her blessed feet. She will reveal my sin, and heal both body and soul."

"Now indeed he is dying," moaned Segert.

But the doctor, after a hasty examination, pronounced St. Lin in an improved condition, and Father Goyt encouraged him in his desire to visit the shrine in a few weeks.

It was not without trepidation that Segert prepared her father for his proposed trip to the shrine of healing, for there is little doubt that, secretly, she favoured the Lutheran Church of her Swedish ancestors. However, her father's rigid enforcement of his religion upon her, and Father Goyt's patient ministrations, had left her mind in a sad confusion of Protestantism and Popery. To her intensely religious temperament, much of the imagery and superstition of her father's Church appealed, so much so, that nightly, before laying her golden head on the pillow, she prayed to all the saints for fear of offending some; but in the morning, when her pretty head was clearer, and the sun was shining brightly, she prayed to God only.

It was the first day of June before Mr.

Lin was able to accomplish his heart's desire. The clocks were striking seven in the city, and the sunset glow was on St. James' dome, as the steamer *Quebec* glided out of port for her nightly run of a hundred and eighty miles down the St. Lawrence to Quebec. The invalid chained to his chair, and the sweet devoted girl who attended him, made a picture on which many eyes lingered. The sick man was not in the least companionable, for his eyes were lifted in unceasing devotion, until at eight o'clock he retired to his stateroom. Restlessly, Segert wandered about the deck, watching the sunset tints fade from the river, fascinated by the endless string of buoy lights in midstream, mistaking the lights of each approaching steamer for the town of Sorel, at the mouth of the Richelieu, a spot she had visited with Lawry Dayre in happier days. Then out into broad St. Peter's lake glided the boat, and still she gazed in fascination upon the shrouded mystery into which she and her father were being lured. It seemed to her a most foolhardy adventure on which they were embarked. She could see those broad, ultra-Protestant shoulders of Lawry Dayre go up in their inimitable shrug when he heard the news.

Lawry Dayre! It was now almost a year since he had dropped suddenly and mysteriously out of her world, and her father's reason in choosing June for their pilgrimage was quite apparent to Segert. If Lawry went to the house on Sherbrooke Street and found it deserted, what his next step would be she dared not think. "It may be that a few days will suffice, father, and we will be home again in time," she consoled herself, "and oh, it may be, he will not come at all!"

She did not realise how long she stood at the prow facing the sharp night air until a crew hand passing, turned and looked at her sharply, as though he feared she had suicidal designs. Then she went in to find the salon deserted, and everyone asleep.

Beaupré! The Abbé Ferland says, "If you have never visited the Côte de Beaupré you neither know Canada nor the Canadians." Certainly it is typical of a large section of French Canada. The St. Lins reached this quaint spot, twenty

miles below Quebec, by trolley, early one June morning. Segert gazed about her in as great surprise as if she had suddenly been set down in the country of the antediluvians. Here had the hand of Time stood still, and left the "habitans" at their ancient customs. On the road an ox-cart rumbled sedately along, while heavy, squat-figured women, in blue petticoats and wooden shoes, loaded hay on vehicles that looked like stoneboats.

"Father," cried Segert, "are the 'habitans' afraid of wheels?"

"The more wheels the more tires to set," growled St. Lin.

"Father," broke out Segert again, in an irrepressible flow of spirits, "I'm sure they could spade their farms. See, in one acre they have a crop of hay, oats, wheat, a pasture, and a garden."

In speechless interest she turned her face to the car window, studying the quaint houses whose dormer windows seemed to lean out and peer down into the street, until of a sudden, rising like a giant among the pigmy dwellings, the church of Ste. Anne de Beaupré hove into view.

Segert paused a moment contemplating the pretty yard, then with a quiver of expectancy she boldly wheeled her father's chair across the portal, and into the sanctuary, where annually one hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims pay their devotions. There, both paused in deep reverence, the scene indeed being one to induce respect in the breast of a skeptic. Far in the dim distance, before an altar decorated with purple and white flowers, a priest was intoning mass. The swinging censers made the air heavily sweet with incense. Segert, on the alert for the relics which Father Goyt had told her were there, thought she recognised the altar piece by Le Brun, and the facsimile of the miraculous portrait of our Lady of Perpetual Help, presented by Pius IX, and found herself vaguely wondering where they kept the bone of Ste. Anne's finger. In the centre aisle was a statue of the benign healer on a high pedestal, and around her feet cast-off crutches were grouped suggestively. Also, just where they were standing at the door, rose two immense pyramids of dusty crutches,

trusses, bandages, and spectacles to attest the miraculous cures worked by faith and power.

"Ste. Anne! La Bonne Ste. Anne!" cried the sick man, stretching out his hands to the smiling marble; and in that cry went out the measure of his great suffering, and his sure expectancy of relief. The bowed worshippers turned in their seats, as the stricken sufferer was wheeled up the aisle; but Segert, heedless of curious glances, dropped on her knees before the sweet grandmother of Christ, and clasped the cold feet.

There she remained, until her poor head could think of no more prayers to say. The holy Anne was still smiling, but Segert thought she detected a subtle cruelty in her calm gaze.

"Child, let us go," whispered the bowed sufferer, and Segert almost resentfully grasped the chair and pushed it out. She had so wanted to see the cure at once, that they might get home in time.

Just outside the door in booths and stalls, dwelt many poor folk, who made their living by selling crucifixes, amulets, and relics. Segert lingered curiously, turning over their wares with her hand on her purse.

"Child, if you intend buying anything, purchase it of yonder creature who sits in the dust. Poor wretch, he has suffered," said St. Lin, strangely sympathetic, as his own pain gnawed in his bones.

She had drawn back in alarm, but at her father's words she came forward with less of aversion and more of pity in her glance. At sight of her pity the beggar's eyes filled with tears, seeing which, Segert made no effort to restrain her own.

He was, indeed, one of the most unfortunate of God's creatures. He was an elderly man with long, grey hair, and a beard which fell in matted luxuriance on his breast. It was, however, in his lower limbs that a pitiable deformity existed. One leg came forward regularly enough, but the other went backward, the joints seeming to work in the opposite direction.

"Can you walk?" asked St. Lin.

For answer the man endeavoured to raise himself, but fell back with a groan. Then

he pointed to a small peasant boy at work in the rear of the stall. "Jean," he said in good French, "is feet for me."

"Why don't you pray to Ste. Anne?" inquired Segert rather cynically, for she was bitter against the stone-deaf saint.

"Ah, lady!" said the beggar, "good Ste. Anne cannot give a new leg, and nothing less would do me."

"She can lengthen short ones," avowed Segert in the same skeptical tone, "for I saw boots with soles two inches thick in the dusty pile at the door."

"You have not always begged," said St. Lin, noting a quaint refinement in the fellow's manner.

"Alas, no! I am here for my crimes."

Scenting a mystery, Segert gave him the narrowest attention.

"I am a murderer," said the dreadful man calmly. "Only God and one priest know it. I stay here until I have saved one thousand dollars, for which sum my soul may be shrived."

"Blessed Anne!" cried the sick man, whose attention was again claimed by the statue in the yard; and completely forgetting to make any purchase of the wistful-eyed beggar, Segert wheeled her father out of the yard, up the hill, past the cross-covered slope called "Le Chemin de la Croix," to a quaint wee house where they were guests until such time as a cure might be effected.

That night, Segert, in a wilful mood, and at variance with all the saints for various reasons, prayed only to God and uttered but one sentence. It was this: "If he comes while I am away, help him not to give up till he finds me."

She was glad to learn that the small boy Jean lived next door, for she could make out nearly half of what he said, and found his provincial stories the best antidote for a homesick heart. While Mr. St. Lin prayed the hours away, Segert roamed Beaupré with Jean, whenever the kind-hearted beggar would lend him, uneasy, rebellious, irritable, heart-sick with hope deferred—she had been tried too far.

"Father," she said one morning, after he had passed a painful night, "Ste. Anne is deaf as well as blind. Let us go home."

"I go to the shrine this morning to spend

the entire day in fasting and prayer," was the resolute response.

"Father," she said again, preparing to brush his hair, and otherwise finish his toilet, "the beggar—my beggar you know, has amulets with mottoes on them, and he says they often explain the secret sin that keeps the afflicted from being healed. He says they are wonderfully effective."

"The secret sin," frowned St. Lin. "Father Goyt's strain—the secret sin."

"Yes," chattered Segert gaily; "the beggar says everybody has one, and when I asked him what his was, that was so black as to put healing out of the question, he replied that he had cut out a woman's heart and left her body still alive. Murderer, indeed! He is a lunatic."

St. Lin had not been listening; nevertheless, when Segert stopped before the beggar's stand, he mechanically reached out his hand to take one of the smooth, deeply inscribed stones with chains attached.

"You must shut your eyes," advised the beggar, "and the good saint will direct your hand to the one suited to your case."

St. Lin drew. The enigmatical inscription the little stone bore was this: "Fling seed to the winds; and the same winds will return to you laden with the perfume of the flowers that grew."

Segert pressed into the beggar's hand a coin which she mistook for a quarter, but the moment it left her hand she knew it was the rare piece Lawry Dayre had given her years ago, and which she always kept in her purse for luck. She was about to ask it back, when the look on the beggar's face as he handled the coin, rooted her to the spot with amazement. What meaning had the old coin to him? In his eyes had blazed up a blue light like the flame of a bed of anthracite, but while Segert gasped and blindly groped for support, it died down, and the beggar was saying humbly, as he rang the coin on the table: "This is not good, lady; I would rather have another."

St. Lin, with his hand closed fondly over the amulet, said petulantly: "Hurry, Segert! We are wasting time," and interpreting the imploring look from two dark eyes as best she might, the girl was

hurried with the usual stream of worshippers into the church.

Ste. Anne was still smiling down upon a crowd of helpless folk, as Segert boldly pushed in and fell before the pedestal. Once again she prayed vehemently. No words came, yet to her very finger-tips she prayed. Noon came and went; the priests performed their duties before the altar; but unheeding all, the golden head lay at the blessed feet of our Lady of Perpetual Help, and the hot blood throbbed its passion into the lifeless stone.

It was the thrill in her father's voice that made her look up at last, to behold his face shining as though he had seen an angel.

"My eyes are opened! Blessed be Anne who has made me see my sin! Avarice, greed, selfishness—call it what you will. In my pride of life, when did I help the poor? When did I seek the unfortunate? When did I give to the church? And, child," he whispered with a quiver in his voice, "how long have I been pushing from your lips the cup of happiness? Forgive me, even as one infinitely holier and higher than thou, the great Anne, has forgiven me."

"I do, father, I do," cried Segert, greatly touched by the allusion to her own sorrow.

"Fling seed to the winds; and the same winds will return to you, laden with the perfume of the flowers that grew. Lo, here do I begin my scattering; may God perfect the flowers. Take this to the beggar, the most unfortunate wretch in all the world. It will pay his debt. Bid him haste to be shriven. Tell me if he seems happy."

A one thousand dollar note. Segert fingered it like a live coal. A one thousand note for the beggar! What expression would come into his eyes now?

Across the yard she fled, and stood before him like a maniac, laughing, panting, sobbing. "Take it!" she cried, pushing it into his hand.

"Segert, Segert," he said gently.

And then little Jean was amazed to see the lily-faced lady taken into two great arms and kissed repeatedly.

"She has fainted," he said by way of

explanation, as if kissing was the best cure for fainting known to the medical art; and with amazing nimbleness he carried her into the little back room.

When Segert awoke and found Lawry Dayre bending over her, she gave a little scream. It was as if he had sprung out of the earth. She studied his eyes, his hair, his hands, to make sure he was there in the flesh. "O, I knew it was you all the time!" she exclaimed. "But how did you get to look like this so soon? I thought it would take years to get you back to your old self."

"You were unconscious for twenty minutes, during which time I was not idle," he smiled, pointing to the powdered locks of hair on the floor, which the razor had sacrificed. "A good wash, and the readjustment of this," laying his hand on the artificial knee, "has completed the cure."

Still speechless she feasted her eyes on him.

"Do not despise me, Segert," he pleaded. "I did it for your sake."

She shook her head vigorously.

"It was the cleverest plan my poor dull head could devise for raising the money in the given time. Pilgrims have been very kind. Some days I have earned as much as seven dollars. As for this," he said pointing to the note, "I cannot accept it. I will keep it if you like until we impress your father with my wealth, then it is yours; or we leave it here for the good saint who has helped us both. Why don't you speak, Segert?"

"I am too happy."

"Then are you listening?"

She nodded.

"The best of all is that I can keep you now, dear. I am often ashamed of the narrowness and lowness of my views of human nature a year ago. No wonder I was a failure as a writer. But since that time, I have seen a great train of suffering, hope, despair, exultation, piety. I have laid my hand on the pulse of humanity. I have been writing from experience and, Segert, I have succeeded beyond my dreams. In short, I believe I may say that my literary standing is assured."

"Let us go to father," she said simply.

"I believe he will be glad to see you."

They found the holy place in an uproar. Priests were rushing about wildly. People leaped over the seats. "La Bonne Ste. Anne!" shouted the crowd. "Healer! Miracle-worker!"

The man and the girl pressed closer, and finally stood on a seat to see. There, in the midst of admiring priests, stood St. Lin, erect, exultant, healed. At his feet lay his two crutches broken in pieces. "La Bonne Ste. Anne!" shrieked the crowd, as the sometime sick man was walked around by the priests to better display the miracle.

Lawry Dayre never knew how he managed it, whether he carried Segert, or Segert carried him, but a moment later they were at the side of Mr. St. Lin. Anne was smiling still, but Segert no longer saw craft in her face. La Bonne Ste. Anne!" she sobbed with the crowd, and showered kisses on the cold feet. Even Lawry Dayre, broad-minded Protestant though he was, looked up where the rosy light flushed Anne's face, and fancied she breathed.

When the crowd divided, St. Lin, coming back to things earthly, saw Lawry Dayre hovering near Segert's side. "My children," he cried, grasping a hand of both, "rejoice with me!"

Dayre saw that he was a forgiven and accepted son, but he could not resist the temptation to say proudly: "I have fulfilled the requirements, sir."

"How did you work it?" inquired St. Lin.

"I took your advice and learned how to work on gullible persons."

As they were thus grouped, with Segert between her father and her lover, to both of whom she had been equally true, the subdued sunlight fell on her golden head, and kindled her face and her white dress into the brightness of an angel. Little wonder that the small boy Jean was regarding her with open eyes and mouth.

"The beggar is gone," he whispered, gazing at the lily-faced lady with grave awe. "What have you done with him? You—you have spirited him away."

"Ah, the beggar!" exclaimed St. Lin, "was he happy?"

"He is gone," persisted Jean.

"Ah, my little man," said Dayre, giving him a coin, "I'm afraid you will never

see your master again. I saw him disappear like lightning."

"So did I," cried Jean, "but where?"

"He has started on his quest for hap-

piness," said Mr. St. Lin complacently.

"Run fast, Jean, you may find him at the station. The car does not leave for half an hour."

Harvest Home

BY EVELYN GUNNE

HOME from the harvest fields,
Through shade and high-light,
Steeped in the wistful charm
Of the August twilight.

Home from the harvest fields,
And the long day's labour,
Slowly we homeward pass,
I, and my neighbour.

Bravely the golden-rod
Our pathway brushes;
Cleaving a line of gold
Through velvet hushes.

Birds to the wayside trees
Come softly winging;
Beautiful dreams of rest,
In their low, late singing.

Homeward from pastures green
The herds are going,
While whiffs from their fragrant breaths
Warm winds are blowing.

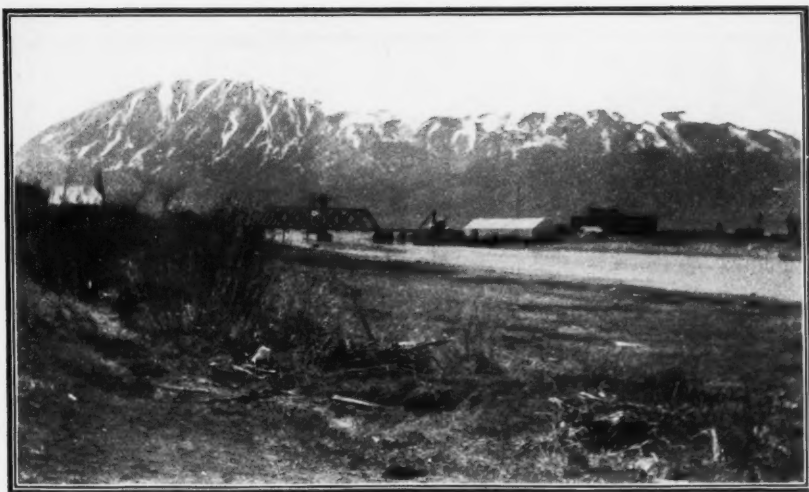
Farm windows, glowing red,
Gleam out before us;
And frogs in the reedy pools
Sleepily chorus.

Great is the joy of work,
And vivid living,
But sweeter the earned reward
The night is giving.

Thus, when the greater eve
The west is rosing,
Soft may the twilight hush
Enfold its closing.

And may the Good Man lead
At the end of labour,
Home through the fragrant dusk,
Me, and my neighbour.





THE LITTLE VILLAGE WHERE THE BISHOP OF SELKIRK PREACHES—THE CHURCH STANDS TO THE LEFT OF THE BRIDGE

A Bishop of the Arctic*

An Impression

By FRANCES EBBS-CANAVAN

With Photographs by the Author



RAILWAY bridge over Lake Bennett, a long line of track between a red painted station and an hotel, a store, a few scattered log-houses and tents among the sandhills, and you have passed through Carcross on the way from Skagway to White Horse.

A small and uninteresting settlement, will be your verdict; a quiet, insignificant spot despite the occasional glimpses of grandeur among the surrounding peaks; and yet here in the very stillness, close to the heart of Nature, is being enacted a tragedy so intense that one who has not seen can form no conception of the sacrifice now nearing completion.

Far to the left across the lake, floats

*Bishop Bompas, the subject of this sketch, died in June of this year at the age of seventy-eight. He had recently given up active direction of the work in Selkirk which is now in charge of Bishop Stringer.

the Canadian flag, its brilliant red more vividly displayed by the rare clearness of the atmosphere. "The Indian Reserve," they will tell you. "That log building is the school, then the church, and the other log-house is where the Bishop and his wife live."

The Bishop and his wife. Ah—

It is Sunday evening and the little church door stands open. A few people are approaching in twos and threes, slowly picking their steps across the ties of the bridge and plodding through the rough, loose sand along the lake shore.

Within, at the lectern, stands an old man. One hand supports his head. Occasionally he looks up and his sharp, clear-cut features reveal the nobility of soul and steadfastness of purpose which have gone with him through the forty long years of his missionary life.

At the left of the chancel, presiding at



THE BISHOP AND THE INDIAN SCHOOL-CHILDREN

the organ, is his exact counterpart, his devoted wife. Delicate, old and frail, yet hers is a courage and spirit that many a younger woman might envy.

And now it is seven o'clock. The Bishop walks down the aisle erect and stately, his splendid physique still bearing testimony to the powerful man that was, and loosing the bell cord he tolls the summons to Evensong.

Then the Indians begin to arrive. Already the first seats are filled by the little pupils of the school, and the choir is occupied by several more under the leadership of their teacher, and presently the Bishop in his robes emerges from the vestry and the beautiful service of the Church of England begins. The Bishop's wife leads the hymns in a high, clear voice, which trembles and quivers and dies away and starts up again with a shadowy sweetness lurking in its notes, and an evidence of splendid culture.

What could be more pathetic than the sight of these two old people, whose lives are nearly spent, working together day after day far from the luxuries and refinements of civilisation, far even from the comforts which seem to us a neces-

sity! When the Bishop prays, her voice leads all the rest and follows faithfully with a profound reverence and an earnest supplication not often heard in our churches. And all through the service the Indians still continue to come. Now a mother and her little child, again some awkward youths—for all of these a pretty half-breed girl finds the places in their hymn books and then hurries back to her seat near the organ. The sermon, which the Bishop reads, is in most beautiful Scriptural language, and deals with our constant rebellion against the will of God. Do these "Children of the Forest" appreciate his words? Do they realise what is being relinquished for their good?

The last amen has been uttered and the small congregation dwindles away, but how many have felt the beauty, the prayerful earnestness and the infinite pathos of it all!

Monday afternoon and the Bishop's wife comes across the bridge to the store; for a woman of her years the crossing of that tie bridge must be no mean undertaking. She asks if there are any guests at the hotel—she has seen some strangers

in the church—and then for the visiting ladies comes a rare treat, a little formal call from the Bishop's wife.

We had intended going to see her, and she begs we will still do so. The manner of an English lady envelops her and clothes her with a dignity mere garments could never give. She asks about our trip so far, of our final destination. She is gentleness and kindness itself, and when she is gone it seems a long time until evening when the acquaintance can be renewed.

A number of Indian girls stand about the doorway of the Bishop's house. The Bishop is at the school, but Mrs. Bompas is at home. May we see her?

There is no hesitation. We are ushered in and the dear old lady comes forward to greet us with her rare smile and cordial hand-clasp. She introduces the young assistant teacher, Miss Ward, and tells us that the matron of the school is preparing to go away for a short holiday. The little girl who passed the hymn books comes in and asks for some paper—an Indian woman wants her to write a letter. "This is Minnie, our eldest girl," Mrs. Bompas says, handing her the paper, and Minnie leaves us again.

Then follows a delightful half hour with Mrs. Bompas; the music of her educated voice lends a charm to all she tells us.

"I have been gardening all day," she says. "I have enclosed forty feet and I have planted carrots, potatoes, cabbages and lettuce; you see I am very practical—and then for the sentimental part, there is mignonette and sweet peas, those sweet old English flowers that seem to thrive everywhere; but the soil is so sandy that it absorbs the moisture immediately, and we have organised a water brigade which is doing valiant work."

"A new system of irrigation has been discovered," announces one of the visitors.

"Ah, do tell me!" cries Mrs. Bompas eagerly, and she bends forward to listen.

"It was first tried in a very dry belt where the farmers were in despair. They



THE BISHOP AND THE INDIAN MAID

were planting onions and potatoes in great numbers, and at last they hit upon a plan, and instead of putting them in different plots they planted them in alternate rows, onions and potatoes. The strength of the onions then brought tears to the eyes of the potatoes, irrigating the land in a most satisfactory manner."

Mrs. Bompas laughs heartily. "It would not do here," she says, shaking her head, "for onions refuse to grow at all, and it is a pity, for they are such wonderful preventatives of scurvy—that most dread disease of the North. The Bishop contracted it once, and once contracted it always returns. He was travelling, and a white man gave him some fish instead of his fresh meat, and every time he ate that fish he felt very ill and miserable. At that time I was coming back from a visit to England, and I had my ticket right to Forty Mile, but when I got to Fort Yukon I found it impossible

to go further. I was three hundred miles from where the Bishop was, and there were no dog teams to be had for less than \$300, and nobody would consent to go with me except at that price.

"I could get no word from the Bishop, nor could I send him any messages, and for eight long months I was detained there. At last came an Indian who had seen him and who would take me to him, but when I asked how the Bishop was, he told me, 'Oh, he is very sick; he is nearly dead!' Yet when one knows the Indians, it is not always such bad news, for they invariably speak so of anyone who is ill," and Mrs. Bompas smiles. But what an awful strain those eight months must have been upon the patient endurance of that wonderful little woman!

"Have you seen that new book, 'The Magnetic North?' It is surely written by one who has been through it all. Ah! you must read it," she says enthusiastically. "I have only just finished and lent it to a friend who has gone away. There is one thrilling description of two men who have been partners. They are in a camp with several others, and provisions have grown scarce, so scarce that the partners decide to leave the camp, reducing the number of mouths. That is always the great question with us in the far North, the number of mouths. They go away, and soon they are wandering aimlessly without food; they are weak and nearly dead with hunger. And then to one comes the terrible thought, what if he should kill his partner and eat him," her beautiful voice is lowered to a tragic whisper which makes it seem very real to us all, "but he resists the thought, and afterwards, when they are once more in prosperous ways, he confesses to his partner the agony of the temptation. Oh, it is most touching!"

Then she speaks of the early days in Dawson, of the noble life of Father Judge, of the wonderful change in men's natures when they cross the summit, and are in the GREAT MAGNETIC NORTH. "They throw off a great deal," she says sadly; "they throw off a great deal which they never seem to take up again."

"I had an experience once which illus-

trates that remark, Mrs. Bompas," says one of her guests, who had known Bishop Bompas at the mouth of Forty Mile, eight years before. "I was going in a canoe from Bennett to Dawson and overtook a party in another boat; they were new to the ways of the North. One had just shot a moose, and I helped him drag it out of the water, and showed him how to skin it and how to cut it up. Then without a word of thanks, he began piling it into his canoe.

"Here," I said, 'I think I have a right to some of that meat.'

"Well," he replied slowly, 'it ought to be worth about forty cents a pound in this country.'

"No, my young man," I answered, 'I won't take it at that price, but I promise it will cost you more than that by the time you get to Dawson,' and I paddled on.

"It did cost him more than he ever expected, for I told the story to the first man I met and he in turn passed it on till, when the would-be financier arrived, everyone in the camp knew the little tale and he was charged just three prices by everyone for anything he wanted."

"It quite served him right," says the old lady, voicing the sentiments of all her guests.

She walked with us to the church that we might take a picture of the interior, and she played a soft little prelude that some who had not been there the night before might hear the tone of the little organ.

"In winter time," she said, "I am obliged to have a hot water bottle laid across the keys for some time before service, otherwise the keys would make my fingers so cold and stiff that I could not play."

And then we took another picture of the exterior of the church, and Mrs. Bompas and Miss Ward accompanied us a part of the way to the bridge. Walking became a little rough, so the old lady bade us good-night and good-bye. She wished us a pleasant summer, and hoped to see us in the fall, and she gave us a most cordial invitation to visit the Bishop in school the next morning. Later in the evening we had the pleasure of

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meeting the matron, Miss Ellis.

And when morning came we found the children busy with their lessons and the Bishop at the door gathering kindling. He put down the sticks at our approach to shake hands with us and, thanking us for our visit, asked if we cared to see the children at their work.

The school-house was formerly the North-West Mounted Police headquarters, and at a table in the centre of a large room are seated eleven children reading their Scripture lesson. They all rise as we enter, and then resume their tasks, apparently quite oblivious of our presence—all save the baby, a bright-eyed child of three, whose pretty smiling face is turned towards us during all our visit. The Bishop talks of the improvements they are making in the school, and then we go out with him. We are anxious to have a photo of the school but most of all a picture of Bishop Bompas himself, and we are speaking of photography and trying to lead up to the subject, when Miss Ward comes to the door and tells us that Miss Ellis wondered if we would take a picture of the children.

Blessings be upon Miss Ward! "Yes," and out they come trooping.

In a moment there is a little group with the Bishop in the background. We snap that twice, and then:

"Would we take one of baby alone with a stick of wood in her arms?"

"With a stick, with a stick," repeat all the children eagerly. So baby, standing quite still with a small log of wood clasped in her chubby arms, faces the kodak, and we fervently hope for good results. Then at a word from Miss Ward, the children scurry up the steps and into the school-room, and we are alone again with the aged Bishop.



A GROUP IN FRONT OF THE BISHOP'S CHURCH

"I shall not be in Atlin this year," he says, in reply to our enquiry, "but you will remember me to Mr. Stevenson; we are very old friends." We promise to send him some of the pictures when finished, and we shake hands, hoping to meet in the fall.

A little way down the path, and we look back and see him gathering up his kindling again—he to whom the Synod had offered the Primacy of all Canada—and so ends our interview with the most noted character in the North.

"What a life!" will be the exclamation of those who have so often contended that the Indians are better when left to themselves, that an Indian is never really converted at heart—and yet, when one stands in the presence of these two old people, it seems that lives of such rigorous self-sacrifice must bear fruit, must surely be of some avail in God's great plan where nothing is ever wasted.



AN ARTISTIC AND WELL-CONSTRUCTED MODERN FACTORY

Purity in Domestic Products

By ANNE MORRIS



HE changes made during a century remarkable for mechanical progress have been more conspicuous in the field of man's endeavour than in domestic affairs. The reaper and the threshing-machine have made more noise and therefore attracted more attention than the sewing-machine and the wringer. But the evolution in the industrial world has affected the home to a degree not easily realised unless we

consider pioneer conditions in contrast with those of to-day. The comfort and ease brought to the farmer by modern inventions have been frequently considered, but the lightening of the "white woman's burden" has not been so apparent.

There is the sentimental pessimist who declares that the world is all wrong because we have forsaken the methods of our grandparents, and who dwells fondly upon the "old oaken bucket," which was

in reality a most unhealthy and unsavoury study in moss and microbes. All honour to the Makers of Canada who hewed their homes out of the wilderness and toiled in field and at the spinning-wheel when our Confederation was as yet undreamed of; but the woman who considers the modern manufactures, which form the basis of home comfort, is thankful that she belongs to the twentieth century.

The name of the first maker of soap has not come down to us, but the earliest "batch" was probably produced in the days "when Adam delved and Eve span." In the time of our foremothers soap-making was an arduous undertaking, to be entered upon only at the right time of the moon. All scraps of grease were thrown into a barrel until the necessary quantity for an extensive "boiling" was in readiness. The lye was obtained from the hardwood ashes, the leach usually being a permanent feature in the equipment of the backyard. It was sometimes a length of a hollow basswood log. Another primitive style was made of a bottomless barrel placed upon a board, raised and tilted so as to carry off the lye, by a groove in the latter, into a crock, kettle or pail placed underneath. In the leach was placed a layer of straw, then the ashes, upon which the water was poured, dissolving the alkaline salt. The soap-making was usually an all-day operation, and a kettleful of soap was something to be proud of.

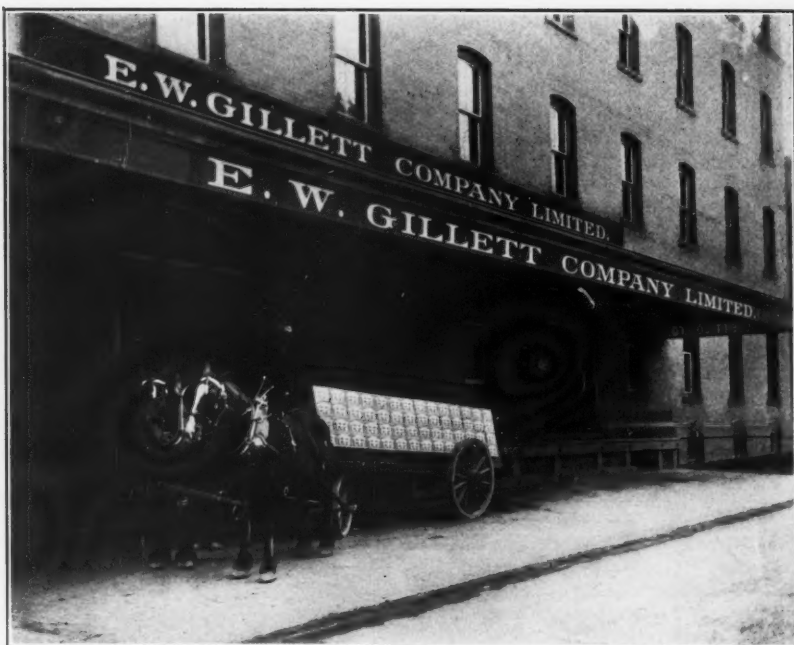
To appreciate the ease and superiority of modern methods, it is necessary to see the most up-to-date lye manufactory. There, in a cool and well-lighted basement, the work is done for countless homes that was formerly laboriously accomplished in the backyard of farm or village home. Huge casks, each weighing seven hundred and fifty pounds, contain the caustic soda which is to be broken up, crushed by ponderous machines, and mixed with other chemicals until it becomes the "hundred per cent." perfumed and powdered lye. This is deftly packed and prepared for shipping, while the observer is wondering how our grandparents managed without the ready-made article.

MANIFOLD USES OF LYE

Of course the purpose which first suggests itself in connection with modern lye, of which Gillett's may be taken as a superior type, is the making of soap. It becomes a matter of surprise that the modern housewife should send most of the grease refuse to the garbage barrel, when by half an hour's work, with the aid of this prepared lye, she might have a satisfactory quantity of creamy soap, quite as attractive in appearance as the white castile. Both in quality and economy the homemade family soap is to be preferred to most of the factory-made soaps, and the labour involved is so slight as to be negligible. But there are other uses of lye which are less popularly known. Its value in softening water when used with other ingredients to form the Chinese Washing Fluid, should make it a boon to the city housekeeper who complains frequently of the difficulty of obtaining water properly softened for laundry purposes. If there is one household operation more deadening and unattractive than another it will be voted



AN ARTISTIC DOORWAY
Main Entrance to Gillett Co.'s Factory



UP-TO-DATE SHIPPING FACILITIES—ROOFED DRIVEWAY

by most women the washing of dishes; but a very small quantity of lye renders this three-times-a-day exercise only half as tedious as usual. As a disinfectant its use is most effective. In fact, in all cases where a strong cleansing agent is required, this preparation has a place which the capable and far-seeing housewife will readily yield. In a country so pre-eminently agricultural as Canada, where cheese has taken a foremost place among our products, the value of lye for cleaning and sweetening milk cans, pans and cheese utensils has long been recognised. It obtains the maximum of cleanliness with the minimum of labour, and hence must be regarded as having a high place in the economy of Nature and manufacture. An old proverb declares that to each of us it is appointed to eat a peck of dirt before we are buried in Mother Earth; but if by providing the household with lye we can induce this preparation to do some vicarious consuming of dirt, the members of the

aforesaid household will be all the cleaner and more comfortable.

It is quite impossible to regret the leach of the past when one considers the precise and easy fashion in which modern machinery produces a substance which meant to the last generation of homemakers tired limbs and aching back. Crushed and ground and packed in rooms that fulfil all the modern requirements of cleanliness and order, the lye which came streaky and soiled from the old-fashioned receptacle, is produced now in a form that is a triumph for scientific domestic manufacture.

MODERN DRY YEAST

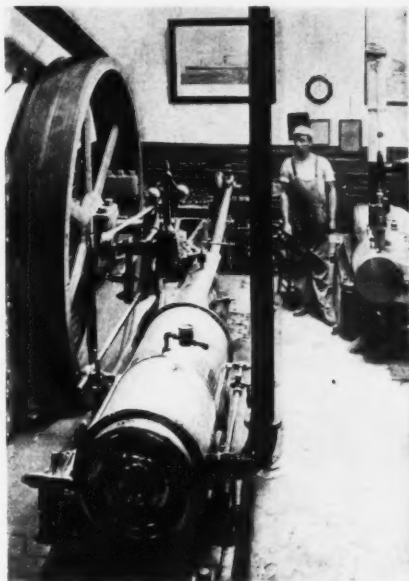
But if soap is necessary to secure that quality which is next to godliness there is something more ancient still which claims the attention of those interested in pure goods. Bread is still the indispensable feature of the table and it is primitive fare indeed when we find that we go all the way back to the Sanskrit for the root of the word "yeast." The fermenting and

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stimulating qualities of the latter substance must have been known in the earliest days and the mate of the cave-dweller probably used it in some crude form. Our grandmothers often shared the precious yeast with their neighbours, and no doubt watched with distrust the change which came over the form of production of this essential ingredient. But dry hop yeast has vindicated the innovations and the modern bread-maker finds them the most convenient form of leavening material.

To appreciate their composition it is necessary to watch the process of manufacture from "mixing" to "packing." In the modern factory the yeast story usually begins in the highest and brightest rooms of the premises where the hops are first treated. The purified liquid is lowered into a tank which communicates by trough with an immense receptacle containing a mealy mixture, from which the dough finally emerges in masses of golden-brown, to be wheeled away on trucks to a trap leading to the floor below. It is caught by the revolving fingers of the yeast machine and is finally transformed into the small cakes, each of which is stamped with a name familiar to housewives. As the dough is pressed into the moulds and in revolving



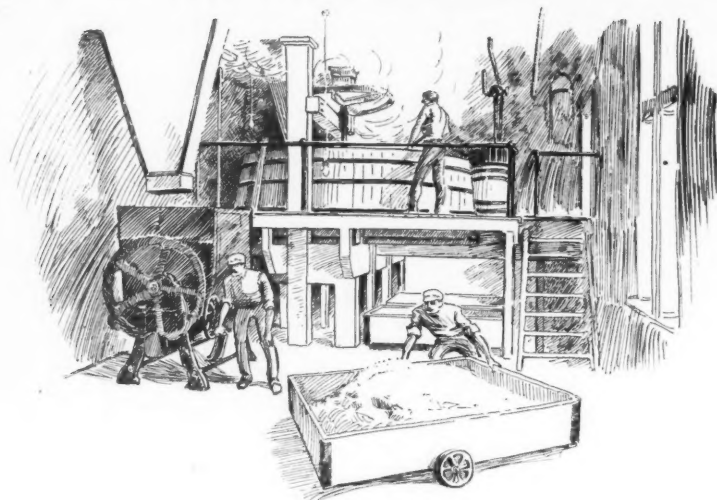
ENGINE ROOM

is stamped with its designation, one sees with what exactness and speed the process is perfected. The cakes emerge on a broad, moving belt at the rate of twelve hundred a minute and are automatically placed on trays which are piled high on trucks and wheeled away to be sent to another floor, where they are eight or nine days in drying.

The materials for baking powder are usually dried in the uppermost floor and then sifted to rooms below where further sifting and mixing take place until the required degree of fineness is attained. In a modern factory, such as that manufacturing "Magic Baking Powder," the best automatic weighers and packers are in use, such as the lightning packer, which receives and weighs the powder, which it then transmits by a funnel into the tin cans. This funnel is so arranged that any quantity of the powder, ranging from enough to fill a small sample tin to the contents of a five-pound can, may be produced by merely pressing the foot upon a treadle. The greatest care is taken to obtain that



AN OLD-FASHIONED LEACH



ONE PROCESS IN DRY HOP YEAST MANUFACTURE

perfect dryness without which baking powder is a domestic failure.

Cream Tartar still forms a large department in the modern domestic manufactory, showing that its use by those who adhere to old-fashioned housekeeping methods has by no means died out. The material of which it is made comes largely from France. It is indeed a far cry from the vineyards of Bordeaux to the light powder sifted into cans in a Canadian factory. Grapes and cream of tartar seem to be as little alike as the dark coal and the blazing diamond. But there is a romantic side to commerce, as well as to science; and frequently the most everyday material has taken a long and venturesome journey before finally reaching our pantry shelves or the cool shelter of the refrigerator.

RELIABLE MANUFACTURERS

With the first changes wrought by invention there was such a rush for manufactured articles that the public did not discriminate wisely, and after some years there was a movement of distrust against certain machine-produced commodities and a partial return to the home-made. But by this time the public is ready to believe that food products which are the output of clean factories, are best. Manu-

facturers are also convinced that only the most favourable conditions can produce high-class goods and the best modern factories are plainly striving towards the ideal in labour environment. For a decade the scientific spirit has been slowly entering into household affairs and the women of the future will take a far more intelligent interest in the articles of domestic manufacture than was possible to those of earlier days.

Millet painted a most depressing picture of unrelieved and besotted drudgery and called it "The Man with the Hoe." He might have painted a companion creature and called her "The Woman and the Wash-tub." The sordid side of woman's life is not pleasant to dwell upon, but we have all seen its manifestation. It is to woman that the subject of manufacture of clean domestic products should appeal, and the house-cleaning sex is more alive than ever before to the process which results in such commodities as have been described. Women are essentially conservative in articles of household use, and will usually refuse with scorn whatever they are told is "just as good" as their favourite soap, baking-powder or perfume. They have recognised that whatever manufacture

saves their strength and displays the qualities of a first-class product is really a household friend and support, and they act accordingly.

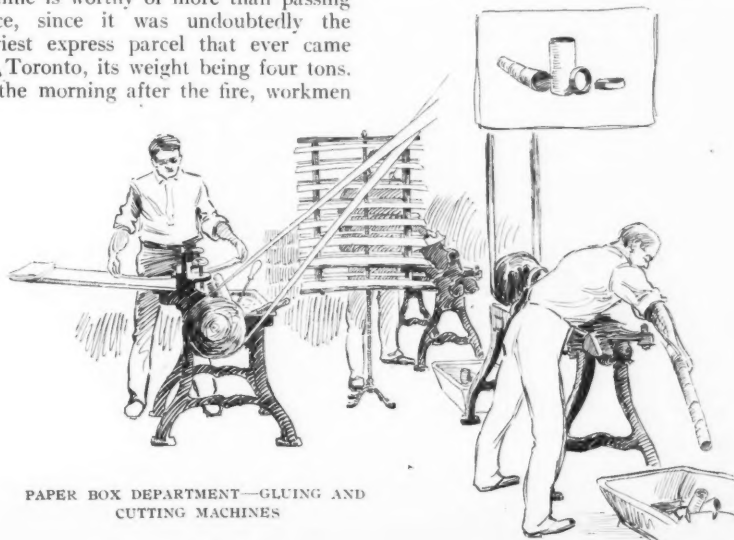
In Canada, although young as a manufacturing country, there are established already institutions that stand for industrial cleanliness and reliability. He is an enviable man whose word is regarded as equal to his bond; and that firm or company has reached a proud position when the labels on its goods are in themselves a guarantee.

AN ENTERPRISING COMPANY

Although it is but a score of years since the Gillett Company started on its manufacturing career in Canada, its reputation for delivering the right class of goods has been safely made. It is only five years since the present company was incorporated, and it had been doing business for less than two years in Toronto when factory, machinery and stock went up in the smoke of the worst fire that ever devastated the wholesale district of the city. The day after, offices were opened on another street, and a week from that disastrous April night, goods with the Gillett Co.'s labels were being shipped once more. The yeast machine is worthy of more than passing notice, since it was undoubtedly the heaviest express parcel that ever came into Toronto, its weight being four tons. On the morning after the fire, workmen

were installing in new premises the duplicate set of machinery which a provident manager had held in reserve for just such an emergency. But the duplicate yeast machine had not escaped destruction and so, while the flames were still burning fiercely, the manager telegraphed to Chicago and the new yeast machine was sent as fast as the express service could despatch it. Before the end of the month of April, 1904, the purchase of the present factory building on the corner of King and Duncan Streets was completed, forming an interesting chapter in the story of Canadian enterprise and resourcefulness. The property forms part of what was once known as the Upper Canada College grounds. It has a frontage of 80 feet by a depth of nearly 300 feet, facing on three streets.

The first feature which impresses itself on the inspecting visitor to the factory is its excellent system of lighting. Brightness of outlook prevails in all the manufacturing and packing rooms, and where the imposing columns of trays filled with drying yeast cakes make darkened corridors, electric lights guide one to the proper turnings and exits. Every provision is made for the safety



PAPER BOX DEPARTMENT—GLUING AND CUTTING MACHINES



GENERAL MANAGER'S PRIVATE
OFFICE

of the employees in case of fire, and even that dangerous ascent known as the elevator shaft is walled with brick and otherwise guarded against being a flame-carrier. Ventilation is also taken into scientific consideration, with the happy result that nothing more malodorous than the pungent fragrance of hops is to be detected throughout the building. Of course, in the basement those who come into contact with the substance producing lye are properly protected by rubber garments and masks, and look not a whit worse than the automobilist preparing for a sixty-mile run.

PERFECT CLEANLINESS

Cleanliness in the superlative degree is necessarily characteristic of every department, and no convent walls and floors could present a more spotless appearance. The woodwork is white, adding to the cheerful and unsullied aspect of the rooms in which every effort is made to impress one with the immaculate order and neatness with which each operation is carried on. The conditions

of lye manufacture, for instance, are as much superior to the leach of olden days as our waterworks system is to the creaking town-pump. From the white exterior walls to "the last, least lump" of yeast dough, cleanliness is the order of the factory, and gives assurance that soap, bread, and whatsoever cakes that baking powder may lighten will be no source of danger to humanity, but will rather serve to cleanse and nourish.

There is no doubt that neatly labelled and packed goods appeal to the feminine taste, and the makers of Gillett's Goods have taken this predilection into consideration in sending forth their products. There is neither clumsiness nor tawdriness in the manner of their "putting-up," but such qualities of compactness and even picturesqueness as appeal to the best class of consumers. The same good judgment is shown in their form and scope of advertising, which is the most elusive of all the modern arts. The associations that have for many years connected themselves with factory goods—of cheap and unattractive appearance—

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E. W. GILLETT CO.'S GENERAL OFFICES

have entirely disappeared in the modern establishment.

There is also found a paper box department, for the up-to-date company makes its own boxes for packing and its own paste, in order to ensure purity and cleanliness in every detail. The latest devices for packing, labelling and weighing are in use and, in less than the twinkling of an eye, an alert little machine has clamped eight nails into a wooden box, which is then lowered to the shipping-room. On inquiring why extra strong wires are being fastened around certain groups of boxes, one is informed that the destination is Newfoundland. So, the trade of the Canadian manufacturer extends not only over his own Dominion, but even into the oldest British colony in America and foreign territory. The small boxes for Royal Yeast contain six cakes and thirty-six of these boxes are packed together. There is such a system of numbering each small box that the

date of manufacture can readily be discovered by any representative of the company. The yeast cakes retain their fermenting strength for a year, and even longer, thereby showing their superiority in this point alone to the liquid yeast of long ago. Much of their preservative power is due to the excellent packing conditions.

The drying-rooms of such a factory are one of the most important sections of the establishment. In this instance, they have a capacity of over 15,000,000 cakes and it has been estimated that each batch of yeast will make 2,600,000 loaves of bread. As there are from four to six batches a week, it may readily be seen that Canadians are in no immediate danger of finding this source of pure food inadequate. But it would be difficult for a factory contributing to domestic needs to err at present on the side of over-equipment, as the increase in western trade alone promises to be enormous.

A word might also be said with regard



ROYAL YEAST PACKING DEPARTMENT

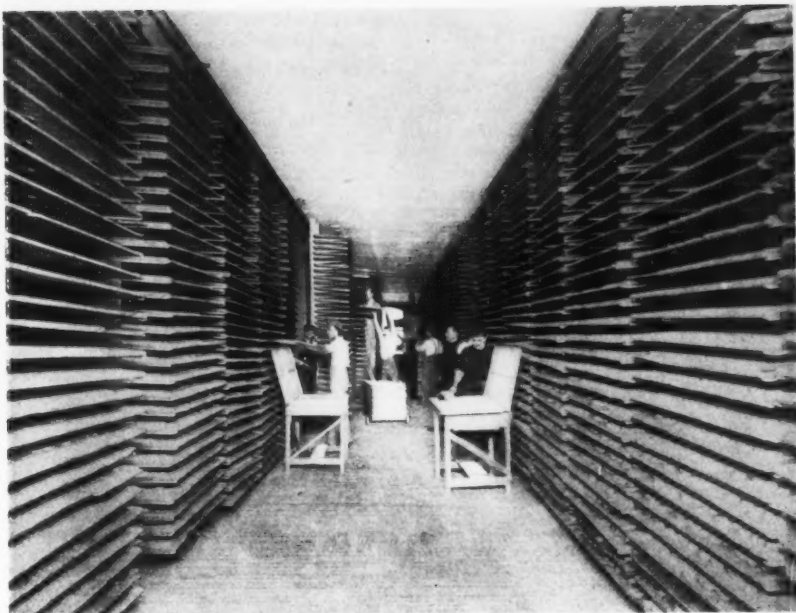
to employees, for this is an age when industrial inquiry extends to every phase of factory life. The conditions of work in such an institution as that of the Gillett Company are entirely hygienic and comfortable and the workers in the factory are of the alert, self-respecting class that are to be found to-day in all the most progressive manufacturing concerns. The

shabby, unkempt factory girl of tenth-rate fiction and popular melodrama is not to be found in the best workrooms of our cities. The evolution of high ideals in business life has affected the very appearance of the worker, and the factory-girl, as well as the modern business woman, is appreciative of dainty trimness. In keeping with the appearance of those



EMPLOYEES' LUNCH ROOM

This is a characteristic of up-to-date factories



A DRYING ROOM FOR YEAST CAKES

employed, the lunch rooms present a cleanly cheerfulness conducive to good appetite and healthy digestion. Tea is supplied by the company, and every provision is made for ensuring a wholesome meal amidst comfortable surroundings. The time allowed at noon is long enough to provide against the dangers of the "quick lunch" and give an opportunity for the social intercourse that explains why the factory is often more attractive than the kitchen.

COMPLETE EQUIPMENT

In the equipment of offices, shipping-rooms, and each department of the manufactory, there is manifest a desire to take every advantage of new conveniences and improvements. The industrial firms in the Old Country have sometimes been accused of slowness to adopt methods and means that are "the latest thing." The United States, on the other hand, has been charged with an over-readiness to drop the old and embrace the new. If it were possible in the Dominion to unite

Old World stability with New World initiative, we should have attained an industrial blend that would deserve, if not command, success. In this factory, such a union seems to be displayed and will doubtless account for the progress it has already made with such apparent ease.

If we were not aware of Canada's peculiar position during the last ten years such progress might seem almost feverishly unhealthy. But it is of a nature which the needs and new growth of our country readily explain and which is an earnest of what such manufacture shall become. The rapid development and extension of this business have been no less remarkable than its adherence to a quality and fibre that make for an enduring reputation.

There is an especial reason why manufacture of these domestic articles has increasing importance. The tendency of the last few years in woman's education has been to place household matters on the plane of serious study and to investigate every department of household toil,

to see how it may be most effectively and least laboriously accomplished. The searchlight that has been turned upon manufactories of articles for home consumption has revealed much to be deplored in some quarters, but has also shown that purity of production "pays" most abundantly. It is a woman's duty to find out the conditions under which these articles are prepared and to make

the best use of the best, whether it be the cheapest or not. The ash-leach, the spinning-wheel and the tallow candle belong to the past; but, even in domestic affairs, we believe that "whate'er of good the old times had is living still," and that whatever is pure and efficient in modern methods and manufacture, should be gladly adopted and retained.



IN THE OLDEN DAYS, YEAST WAS CARRIED HOME
IN A STONE JAR

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The Lost Earl of Ellan

A Story of Australian Life

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, author of "My Australian Girlhood," "Fugitive Anne," "Nyria," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX

ACROSS THE STRAIT



His visitor gone, Wolfe fell back in the chair and collapsed altogether. It was some minutes before Flinders Dick could bring him to, with stimulants and the help, for what it was worth, of the half-breed woman, Mrs. Losada. He made her cook up some broth and fed his mate as though Wolfe had been a child.

"S....st! S....st!" Flinders Dick made a hissing sound expressive of deep concern by drawing a long breath in through the gap in his teeth. "Na-ow.... Steady!... Hold up, mate. Swallow it down—softly does it. What you want, old man, is grub, and plenty of it. Hold up and keep still. Them shakes is not the regular ones; we're not due for them yet. Another dash of brandy—That's so."

Wolfe revived considerably under this treatment. He set his teeth to prevent them from chattering. Presently a little colour came back into his face. "I'm a damned fool, Dick."

"I b'lieve yer, sonny, and I'd gev that girl chyack if I could lay holt on her. It's she thet's done for yer this time—and all for the vally of a few green beads and a devilish Black's charm! But women air a continuoal botheration when they're out of their proper place."

"And what's your idea of women's proper place, Dick, old man?"

"Not on a raft in the middle of Torres Straits fer certain, no mor'n puttinsharks' teeth and things around a chap's neck and then sendin' another chap to fetch 'em back, like as if they'd been stolen. Na-ow another nip, sonny.... I wish I'd thought yesterday when you come out of the fever

to lay holt on that champagne and a billy-ful o' turtle soup. I'll go down to the hotel fer 'em soon as I kin feel safe leavin' yer. I bet the sailor cove 'ud ha' got 'em, if I'd arsked him. Ye know he warn't a bad sort.... Thet's so.... Spoon it up, mate. Yer twigged, didn't yer, that I never let 'im know by so much as a grin when you told 'im yer name was James Robinson. No fear! Well, James Robinson it is, mate, up at Thursday—and James Robinson I b'lieve it 'ud better be after we clear. And turnin' things over in my mind I'm not sure that we hadn't better clear out as soon as we can, and make tracks for my gold-hole."

"Not yet, Dick. I've got something I must do first. I want to go over to Cape York—Mr. Aisbet's place."

"Well, na-ow! What do you want to do at Aisbet's, Mr. James Robinson? I heard yesterday Aisbet had gone out with his pearling fleet."

Wolfe seemed to be considering. "What's the day of the week, Dick?" he asked.

"It's a Toosday, I b'lieve."

"Then I've got to get strong enough to be there on Thursday. We'd better start Wednesday night."

Dick shook his head determinedly. "Not if I know it, mate."

"I tell you I'm going," exclaimed Wolfe in fretful exasperation. "Find out where we can hire a boat and some Kanakas who know where Aisbet's jetty lies."

"Then, tell me what you want over there, Jem?" asked Flinders Dick again. Wolfe did not answer for a minute.

"Make a clean breast, old man. No fear that I shall give away your show."

"It's a secret, Dick. There's a lady concerned in it. Can I trust you?"

"I reckon yer can," replied Flinders Dick with rough tenderness.

"Well, it is necessary that I should see

the lady to whom that necklace belongs. You don't know anything about her, and mind I'm not going to answer questions."

"There's no call fer me to arsk 'em," returned Dick with his drawling laugh, now a trifle unsteady. "I've heard enough by this time about that young lady fer me to make a pretty good guess at what she'd look like if we was ever to see each other in the street. Why, you've been ravin' about nothin' else all the time you had the fever on you since I've been here. Sea-Witch, you called her. And she'd got green eyes. And she was puttin' a spell on you, and a lot more bletherin' stuff that 'ud sorter pop you inter Woogar-oo if you warn't keerful. An' na-ow, ye're mad to go and put yourself inter that spell agen!"

Flinders Dick put on a pathetic, injured air. "What's the good of me tryin' all I can to keep yer outer trouble and make yer fortune fer yer? I bet she fixed a meetin' unbeknownst to the sailor chap—who's a straight cove an' an oficer an' a gentleman. An' you're plannin' ter hang round in a boat with me and two woolly-headed niggers till yer can ketch her on the sly! Nice state yer in to ketch a poddied lamb, let alone a woman! There—that's the hang of it, and it's no good to tell me otherways."

"You're right, Dick. Roughly speaking, that's about the hang of it. But I'm not going to hear anything more of this kind, for it doesn't please me."

"It don't please me to see my mate runnin' a close shave of gettin' into a row," said Flinders Dick darkly. "Look here, Jem; it's no go. You can't manage it."

"Why! man, a sail under the stars will do me pounds of good. I'm as weak as a mouse just at present, but twelve hours' feeding and a bottle or two of good champagne—I've got a sick fancy for that champagne, Jem, and you must go and get it for me—that, with a determined mind and—something else, will turn me into a lion. Afterwards, we'll make for your gold-hole and dig out the fortune you seem so sure of—though I've heard too much of those gold-holes to put much faith in them. But there are just two things I must do first."

"Two things! Jiminy! What's the other thing, mate?"

"It's just the keeping of a promise I made to go back for a day to the station I was on up in the Narra country."

"S....st! Thet's bad! Is thet there promise likeways to a woman? Yah! I know it is. Yer needn't tell me, Jem, I can see it in yer face. Well, all I can say is you must gev up that plan same as this one."

"There can be no question of my giving up either, and I'm hanged if I'll stand this interference from you, Dick," said Wolfe with his former querulousness. "I shall keep my promise, if for no other reason, because it's made to a woman. You've got to learn that there's something else a gentleman can't do, Dick. He must keep his word at any cost when he has pledged it to a woman."

"My oath! As like as not it's a blank cheque you'll be drawing fer them women," growled Flinders Dick. "Damn women! I say. I used ter think sometimes when the moon was shinin' and the damper had got burned and the salt junk had let itself boil in the pot as hard as an old strip o' green hide, that I'd rather like to have a wife I could cuddle when I felt a bit soft, one who'd fry up the meat and bake me a soda loaf, and keep the humpey tidy. But, my word! when I see the blanked fols some chaps will make o' themselves over a girl—and I guess I might be as big a one as any of 'em—why, it's enough to turn a cove against all females whatsoever."

Flinders Dick subsided on the ledge of the verandah, and picking up a stone from a little heap he had collected during Brian's conversation with Wolfe, shied it viciously at one of the crows. Then he refilled his pipe, but instead of lighting it he let it lie idly in his hand, while for several minutes the pair maintained a significant silence. At last Dick got slowly on to his legs again, and slouching uneasily against the verandah post he addressed his companion in a portentous manner.

"Jem, old chap, I got something ter tell yer. I thought I'd wait till I'd seen Flash Sam agen, and you were a bit fitter, but I reckon I'd best spit it out na-ow. You've got to chuck courtin' girls, whether it's to the

green-eyed one or t'other up Narra way. You'd be playin' it too low down on any girl to tie her on to yer with the off chance of Judge Flannigan passin' a stiff sentence on yer. 'Twas a bad job when you lost your temper and threw that bloom-in' tommyhawk at poor Harry the Blower. You've got to be prepared for seein' that business through."

The little colour which food and drink had brought into Wolfe's face turned to a deathly pallor.

"Dick, you've seen Flash Sam?" he gasped. "It's true then? I did kill Harry the Blower?"

Dick nodded gravely. "It's true enough, Jem, I'm dashed sorry to say," and then he told Wolfe the substance of his interview with Flash Sam. Wolfe scarcely spoke, but it was plain to Flinders Dick that he was deeply affected—more so than would have seemed likely to either of them when they had been living in the lawless atmosphere of Coolibah Gully. But a man's moral perceptions are apt to become blunted in the conditions in which Wolfe had previously existed—one of an isolated band of prospectors who had no stake in the world save that which they had laid down in a last desperate game with fate, and with nothing in their surroundings to enforce law and order. For police magistrate, commissioner and trooper had enough occupation upon the big payable gold-field in the same district apart from such outside work as that of spying out the iniquities of a set of brawling fossickers. And when drought is on the land and many a tracksman disappears from ken till enquiry is raised by the finding of a mummified corpse or a handful of dry bones under a gum-tree, it seems to the average understanding that one kind of accident is as good or as bad as another and life and death alike are but of small account in the tragic total.

But now it was evident that the sense of blood-guiltiness racked Wolfe's soul, and when Flinders Dick left him in search of the champagne for which he had craved, the man laid himself upon his bunk and turned his face to the wall, groaning in sickness of spirit. Nevertheless, he ate and drank—as Oora in like condition had eaten and drunk—out of a fierce deter-

mination to strengthen himself for the object he had in view.

His mate soon saw that he would not be thwarted in the accomplishment of his double purpose, to go first to Acobarra, and then to Narrawan. The very reasons that Flinders Dick put forward in opposition only fortified Wolfe's resolve. He must keep his tryst with the sea-witch who had put her spell upon him, if it were only to say farewell for ever, and above all, he was bound in honour by his promise to return to Narrawan for a last explanation with Susan.

So Flinders Dick, realising the uselessness of protesting, objected no further and agreed to make the necessary arrangements. Then, noticing that Wolfe was excited and in danger of being thrown back by a wakeful night, the good fellow went off again and got a chemist to make up a prescription for a soporific which the doctor had given in case of need. Of this, he now administered an extra dose. Consequently, Wolfe slept and awoke comparatively strengthened and refreshed.

His will stood him in good stead, so that during the day he made giant strides, and by evening, all was ready for the expedition—which would have seemed a smaller matter to anyone in health. Flinders Dick got him conveyed to a pearling lugger he had hired and laid him on blankets in the stern. The night was perfectly clear, and although the wind was not a fair one, and the passage longer in consequence, there was no rough weather. The sea, closed in by many islands, looked like a lake, with phosphorescent gleams where it rippled, and above, the Southern Cross, mounting from the horizon, appeared almost as near and brilliant as some of the beacon lights which shone against the blue. Flinders Dick had laid in a supply of nourishing food and stimulant, and the sick man, instead of being exhausted by the little voyage, seemed to breathe in new life and energy, for Nature and Love are indeed the most powerful health restorers.

At dawn they put into an islet near the mouth of Endeavour Strait where there was a beche-de-mer fishery and a camp at which the owner of the lugger had business. Here they breakfasted and rested before making for the mainland.

The double rock of Evans Point sloping down from Mount Bremer was a conspicuous landmark, while southeastward stretched the sandy bend of Evans Bay between Evans and Ida Points with Ida Island screening it beyond. The boatmen steered for the inner bend of the promontory within which Acobarra lay, leaving eastward the cone-shaped hill, brown and barren, with its long rocky point, like the snout of some primeval monster, stretching into the sea. This was Cape York, the northern extremity of Australia.

Meantime, Brian had fulfilled his mission in happy ignorance of its impending results, and having given Oora back her chain, had gone off that morning to rejoin his ship. His thoughts reverted continually to the man called James Robinson, whom he had been to see at the Settlement, for he could not forget the impression made upon him by that startling reflection in the stranger's face of his uncle the late Lord Ellan's grim look, but he little guessed that the pearly lugger he sighted in the Straits from the quarter-deck of the *Clytie* contained the same individual bound for Acobarra.

And Brian had plenty of other and pleasanter things to think of. He was far less unhappy than might have been supposed at saying good-bye to his lady love. Susan had not anticipated that the *Clytie* would return so soon after Brian's leave expired and was taken aback by his abrupt departure. So much so that she was betrayed into some show of emotion; Brian, encouraged by this, had recklessly extracted a promise from her to reconsider his proposal, and to give him a fresh and more definite answer to it at Narrawan, if his skipper would permit him to go up there a little later. He had gained some ground for the hope that her answer would not be unsatisfactory, for the truth was that Susan felt considerably piqued by, as she imagined, the transfer of his attentions to her sister. Though innocent of diplomacy in this Brian had compelled her to realise that he counted for not a little in her life. Moreover, Susan was beginning to ask herself whether even if Wolfe should come

back within the two months he had named as the limit of his absence and which had now very nearly run out, she could bring herself readily to forgive him for the pain, anxiety, and humiliation he had made her suffer.

The steamer south would leave Thursday Island on the following Monday, and it was decided on the morning Brian left Acobarra that as Oora was so extraordinarily better, the Galbraiths should take their passages to Townsville in her, and that if the *Clytie* were still in port, Brian should see them off. Thus he had the consoling prospect of spending an hour or two more with Susan before this Torres Straits interlude, with all its tragic incident, should have come to an end.

Susan and Patsy were full of plans for that Thursday—Patsy having her packing to think of and Susan an excursion she had promised to make on horseback with Mr. Meiklejohn to a picturesque part of the coast. Nobody, therefore, gainsaid Oora when she peremptorily insisted upon being allowed to spend that afternoon, without molestation by anyone, in her shelter near the beach. If Oora insisted on anything, it was useless, Patsy well knew, to oppose her desire. Besides, Patsy was accustomed to Oora's independent ways and solitary roamings about the bush. She was afraid also to provoke the wayward girl, being quite ready to believe Oora's assurance that she would be able and willing to sail from Thursday Island on the Monday if she were left at present to spend as much time as she chose by herself on the seashore, but that if she were interfered with, Patsy might as well write at once and countermand their berths.

It must be said to Oora's credit—small as this was—that she did not often indulge in such fractious tempers; and that notwithstanding her naughty wilfulness, she possessed persuasive methods of getting her own way that few people could resist. Just now, however, she was too eager and anxious about the success of her own plan to trouble particularly about being pleasant, and neither Susan nor Patsy were sorry to leave her alone that day.

All the morning Oora watched En-

deavour Strait through her glasses from the verandah at Acobarra, for she had calculated that the strange man, as she called him, would scarcely be able to come before that day. Quite early she spied the little pearly lugger tacking across from the beche-de-mer station and hanging round the islands about the headland. She even thought she could distinguish the face of the man who appeared to be leaning against a heap of rugs in the stern of the boat. She purposely delayed taking up her position in the shelter so that Susan and Meiklejohn might be late in starting for their ride, and thus be unable to get back before sundown. The last few days she had managed the descent without any other assistance than a stick Brian had cut for her use. To-day, however, she pretended, as a great concession, to make use of the support of Mr. Meiklejohn's arm, and purposely detained him so that he could not go back to see after the horses till about three-quarters of an hour before the time appointed for her visitor. Thus she manœuvred elaborately, taking all the means possible to ensure herself full freedom during the latter part of the afternoon and inwardly thanking fate for having played into her hands opportunely by removing Brian from the scene.

And in truth, fate seemed benevolently inclined that day. The jetty was deserted, the tide coming in. No eyes, save Oora's, saw the pearly boat glide round a lower bend of the shore where the sandy beach gave place to a belt of mangroves, their thick growing, slimy roots and pendant suckers lapped by the water which made a gentle wooing sound. The boat disappeared between two glassy tufts of mangrove into a tiny inlet with low grassy banks that afforded a safe landing place three or four hundred yards from the fringe of scrub where Oora awaited the strange man.

Soon, she heard the sound of feet and of subdued voices. There were two people walking quite near among the palms. The step of one was slouching, but firm; that of the other more languid and unsteady. Oora peered through the screen of undergrowth at the edge of the

scrub. A little way off, she saw two men—one a tall, loose-jointed bushman, brown, ragged-haired, with his pipe between a gap of broken teeth; his cabbage-tree hat tilted back, and his gentle but alert eyes peering this way and that after the manner of a bushman looking for a lost track. The eyes were so kindly, in spite of an expression of disquietude on his face, that Oora did not mind his coming in the least. She guessed he was a friend of the sick man's and that he had come to take care of his mate. She liked him for his tender solicitude and the unobtrusive attempts he made to render the other's progress more easy—breaking off the end of a branch here, holding back a creeper there, or kicking aside some fallen bough. It was evident to Oora that the stranger she had rescued from the sea resembled herself in that he wished to appear, and indeed perhaps felt, stronger than he really was.

She knew him at once though she had only seen him cramped on the raft, and was unprepared for the height of his lean form looking almost as bony now as a clothed skeleton, but still, she thought, with the carriage of a king. She knew the handsome face with its fateful look that he had held pillowed against her breast; the aristocratic lineaments; the proud mouth; the silky, dark moustache and pointed beard; the tragic grey eyes, which in their hollow orbit seemed more than ever tragic but which had a fierce brightness as they gazed eagerly ahead.

Very softly Oora gave her own bush Coo-ee that he had heard calling her dead over the waste of waters. He stopped short, recognising it instantly. She moved to one side, and he caught the gleam of her white dress and then saw her queer eerie-looking little face, so fateful too, peering at him, framed by the leafage.

He made a hasty forward movement, placing himself between her and the bushman, and she heard his throaty voice husky—but with a velvety huskiness and with a note in it that she would have recognised above the boom of thunder or the roar of waves in a storm.

"Dick, go back and wait for me," he

said. "It's all right now. Wheel round, old man, and you needn't look behind you."

The other turned on his heel with a sort of dog-like obedience. There was a bewildered, uneasy expression on his stolid face. He had caught a glimpse of the girl, and her face seemed to him like that of a witch or of some uncanny thing.

"No fear! But you're sure you're all right, mate?"

"I'm all right. Go!" returned the stranger and the bushman went back with his slouching stride and his eyes fixed steadily in front of him. Presently he was lost to view beyond the edge of the scrub.

CHAPTER XX

ORORA came out from behind the concealing bush in a timid, yet rapid manner. So lightly did she move that she might almost have been a fay. Her whole appearance was fay-like. She was so slender, so strange looking. Her small sallow face was bent forward so that he seemed to see at first nothing but great eyes shining from under a cloud of rough black hair, and then the glint of white teeth between full curved lips, of a soft, deep yellowish pink, like the inside of a cowrie shell—lips that were parted in a strange smile. She went close to him, with a swift, noiseless tread, while he gazed at her intently as if he beheld a supernatural vision.

"Sea-Witch," he murmured; and at the words, her features quivered and the sea-shell pink of her lips spread to her cheeks, while a curious softness transfigured the sharp, little, irregular face that a minute before might have been considered almost unattractive and yet now seemed beautiful.

She put out her right hand—he noticed that the left was bandaged across the middle—and took his left one.

"Come," she said, scarcely above a whisper, "I have found a place quite near, where we can talk and no one will disturb us."

She led him through the screen of low vegetation at the edge of the scrub and along a twisting track further within,

where the palms grew closer and there were large-stemmed trees. In a minute or two they had come to a small open space covered with couch grass, on the west side of which a great Leichardt tree spread out its branches, and beneath which the ground falling away made a mossy ledge, supported by a long lichenous root. It was a tropical dell which, near as it was to the head station, looked as though it had never been disturbed by the foot of man. Upon the bank grew ferns of an odd coppery and silvery hue, and climbing up the trees were lovely creeping ferns and rope-like vines with broad, fleshy leaves which intertwined and hung down in long withes, making, as it seemed, an impenetrable barrier between them and the world. Small orchids and jungle lilies showed here and there amidst the greenery, and tree parasites threw out grotesque, fleshy suckers. The wildness of the spot was all in harmony with the wildness of this girl, and seemed a fitting background to her peculiar charm in the mind of the stranger to whom she had given her heart in such madly impetuous fashion. She led him to the mossy seat. There was restrained tenderness in her manner.

"You are tired; you are weak. I have brought you too quickly. Sit there and presently we will talk. No, do not speak yet. Take off your hat and rest. You must do exactly as I tell you."

She made him place himself so that he could lean his back against the trunk of the tree, she herself still standing and looking down upon him, always with the same strange smile upon her lips, like a cowrie-shell, and the green glow in her eyes—her little sallow face with its small pointed chin pushed forward.

As she stood so, the sunshine filtering through the foliage of the Leichardt tree bathed her in a light like the transparent luminosity of a sea wave, and made her white dress take a greenish tint which was heightened by a green ribbon with falling ends that she wore round her waist.

He gazed at her with melancholy ardour and something of bewilderment. He could not have described his feelings towards her. It was almost as though

he were still in the half delirium of fever, or under the influence of the opium which the doctor had then given him. This was not the world he had known—this world of green luminosity—of fantastic forest growth where the wind made a curious s...s...sur...ging sound in the tops of the palms and through the intertwined creeper withes and branches of the trees. It was a sound something like the noise of the sea—if one could imagine one's self far down below the crests of the waves and hearing them break as they swept along to an enchanted shore. It was a world enclosed with fantasy. And the sprite woman was part of the fantasy with her sea-shell lips and her strange eyes and her alluring smile.

He could not speak at first. At last he said:

"Who are you? What are you?"

"I am a sea-witch," she answered. "That is what you called me. Do you not remember? Have you forgotten me in the time that we have been parted?"

"We do not seem to have been parted," he answered simply. "I have been through a long night in which I have dreamed strange dreams. But you were always part of my dream."

"And I too have been through a long night, and I have dreamed strange dreams. And you were always part of my dream," she answered. She crouched down on the grass at his feet, leaning one elbow on the bank and looked at him earnestly.

"No, we have never been really parted," she said slowly. "We were together—even though to you it seemed only a dream."

"It was a dream more real than life itself!" he exclaimed. "And you are no witch of the sea, but the truest, bravest, sweetest of women."

She laughed in soft gladness.

"Ah! but I am a sea-witch. I wish you to think so, for then you will understand me better. Listen! Do you know that the Blacks believe we are made of three parts—the Bunna which turns to dust, the Wunda which is our nature-soul, and the Tohi, our immortal spirit. Well, my Wunda is the child of the sea, and of the bush, and if I am wild and strange and unlike other girls, as I am told I am—it

is because my nature-soul is made of a different combination of elements from theirs, and I must feel and do according to its kind. Do you know what I mean?"

"I only know that my nature-soul, as you call it, must be made of elements that by some law, of opposition perhaps, are attracted to yours. I know that you fascinate me in a way that is inexplicable by ordinary reasoning. You haunt me. You have put a spell upon me from which I cannot escape."

"Do you wish to escape from it?" she said, and her eyes became mournful and the expression of her face changed as that of the sea when a cloud passes over it. "I gave you your chance to do so. I sent to you for my charm back again."

"Why did you do that?" he asked sharply.

"Because I wanted you to have that chance of escape—if you wished. And because I could think of no better way of letting you know where I was—if you should care to come to me."

"You didn't let me know *who* you are!"

"I don't wish you to know—yet. It's my perversity, I suppose. I want you to think of me as just 'Sea-Witch.' Names are of no consequence at all; they bring things down to such a humdrum level. It's the feelings that matter."

"You are quite right. As things are, it is best that we should not know each other's names."

She gave him a startled look. "What do you mean by 'as things are'?"

He did not answer and she got up from the ground in a deliberate way and stood facing him under the leafy canopy. The sun was lowering now and came more slantingly through the foliage, bathing her slight form still in that mysterious green light, but adding to it a touch of gold.

Her face looked stranger and she herself more eerie. And the various influences of the scene and the hour—the shadows on the grass, the rustle of palm fronds, the peculiar notes of birds and insects beginning to stir at the approach of evening, the serpentine appearance of the creeper withes, the perfume of tree lilies, and of some red flowers with a strong scent, giving an enervating suggestion of poppies—all made her seem less and less of a

flesh and blood woman, an ordinary Australian girl come out to meet a lover, than some mystic being, against whose fascination it were wiser to be on his guard.

With the notion that he must bring himself back to the everyday world, he got up, too, trying to realise that that world lay in reality only just beyond the fringe of scrub which seemed enclosed in this region of fantasy. The boat lay there, and in it the pearly man and the two Kanakas, waiting impatiently to take him back to the Settlement. Flinders Dick too, and only a little farther off was Flash Sam representing the now-old horror of Coolibah Gully. Also, his cousin Brian Cordeaux who might at any moment discover him; his obligations to Susan—in fact, all the ironies and risks of his present complicated situation.

Getting to his feet he tottered slightly, and she impulsively stretched out both her hands. He took them, drawing her towards him while he leaned back against the tree. Claspings the bandaged hand, he noticed that she winced under the pressure of his finger.

"What have you done to your hand—the brave little hand?" he asked anxiously, taking no heed of the question she had put to him.

"It is where the Lascar on the raft slashed me with his knife," she answered. "The place has not healed properly. They say it was blood-poisoned."

"The Lascar slashed at you with his knife!" he exclaimed; and then she told him of her adventure after she had left him and described her despair at having lost him, and how she had floated on her back, had been stranded on a sandbank, and all her delirious fancies throughout the night.

He shuddered at the tale and in an impetuous outburst kissed the bandaged hand over and over again many times. She accepted his caresses without making any response, but with the dawn of a rapturous joy rising in her expressive face. Then with a swift movement of her other hand she unfolded a silk and lace kerchief that swathed her neck, concealing the jade and aperculum chain which was wound round her throat. "See!" she cried, and releasing her fingers from his clasp, she undid

the fastening of the necklace and held it out to him. "It is yours—your very own—and you must have it back. I never meant to keep it. My offer to release you was only to be if you wished. You said that I had put a spell upon you. Yet you must know that my desire only was that you should be safe and happy. But now that you have come to claim your property" The sentence remained unfinished. Nor did Wolfe answer. Seeing the hesitancy in his downcast face, a cloud came over Oora's happy look. "Will you not take the chain again?" she whispered almost humbly. "Or at least take the charm, if you think the chain too cumbersome to wear."

But he shook his head.

"I have no right to take a pledge from any woman. I owe you my life, and if I might I would lay it down at your feet to do with it as you chose, for it's only value to me would be what *you* might think it worth. But that is impossible. I have not the right to offer it."

Oora's fingers relaxed; the chain dropped to the ground, and she let it lie unheeded. Her hand fell limply to her side. She had become pallid. Her eyes dilated and the colour in them deepened as they drew his gaze to her face.

"Then why are you here?" she asked.

"I came because I could not keep away," he said, stammeringly. "Because I hungered for the sight of you. And because I wanted to make sure what this feeling is that seems so different from anything I ever felt in my life before—whether it is the craze of delirium still, or something real."

"Oh, it is real—it is real," she murmured brokenly.

"But it must not be real for you," he answered in deep, earnest accents. "You must forget these terrible hours that were—oh so sweet—when you and I were alone together on the sea. You must think no more of this inexplicable drawing of our hearts towards each other. Or think of it as only a phase of madness that will pass away—a thing that has nothing to do with sane existence."

She made a movement of passionate denial—almost of disdain.

"And for you?" she asked.

"It does not matter about me—nothing matters about me. How can anything matter beside the fact that there are insuperable obstacles between us."

"What are those obstacles?" she asked. "Tell me," and the quiet determination of her manner compelled from his lips the answer which he had not at first intended to give.

"I have taken a man's life," he replied, in a restrained, hard manner. "I did not do it intentionally, but I am morally responsible for the act because I had been drinking. I struck at the fellow in anger, and I have reason to believe that a charge of murder may be brought against me."

At the first words Oora drew closer and laid both her hands in his again, looking up at him, while he gave her briefly an account of the brawl in Flash Sam's shanty much as he had given it to Susan. She was completely silent, as though she were pondering the matter. Evidently it affected her deeply. But not once during the recital did she withdraw her hands or show the faintest sign of repulsion from him. At its conclusion she said:

"Let me think. I want to be quite certain that my first impulse is the right one." She stood with bent head, while he continued to hold her hands. Soon she looked up again.

"Now, I can tell you definitely," she said, "that what you have told me is of no importance whatever to me—except as it concerns you. Perhaps it is because Nature takes so small account of the destroying of life that it does not weigh in my mind against what seems to me greater things. My feeling for you is one of them. If you were my husband, should I desert you because you had without intending it taken the life of a man who had insulted you? No. Even if it had happened to be my own brother whom you had killed, that would still make no difference at all to me. And it might well have been my brother, just as much as anybody else's brother," she added mournfully, "for I have a brother who went wrong and is wandering somewhere about the diggings."

Wolfe dropped her hands and gave her an eager, searching look. His scrutiny apparently satisfied him, for he drew a breath of relief.

"No, no, it could not have been your brother," he said. "This man was big and fair, and as unlike you as anybody could possibly be."

"It is of no consequence either way," she answered simply. "The idea just flashed through me. I only wanted you to know that if you had committed any crime it could not alter my feeling for you."

"My dear," he said gently, but as though he were trying to convince himself, "these very words are a proof that what we feel for each other is a madness—bewildering, unexplainable. It would be folly to treat such a consideration seriously."

"Very likely," she answered with remarkable calmness. "But we are taking it seriously, nevertheless. That was not the only obstacle you meant, I am sure. What are the others?"

"There are many, but one will suffice." He spoke in a tone of forced restraint. "My first duty lies towards another woman."

Now the girl shrank back as though she had been stung. She drew herself together, shivering. Her face had hardened, but there was an intensely pathetic look in her eyes as she gazed at him.

"Do you mean to marry her?" she asked in a stifled voice.

"How in the circumstances could I bind any woman's lot to mine? But there is no question of marriage. Let me explain something of this. You will think," he went on, "that it is late in the day for melodramatic remorse on my part over that poor fellow whom I murdered. I am miserably conscious of the fact. I can only say that when I did the thing I'd had so many hard knocks that I was simply reckless. I had grown accustomed to the brutalities of the diggings, and I had to a great extent lost the sense of moral responsibility. There wasn't a softening influence in my life, and I was going to the devil as fast as a man can. Then I came across *her*—and she held out her hand to me and made me feel that I was still a gentleman, and ought to be a man of honour. She brought me back to some of the old ideals. *Now* do you understand?"

Oora pushed her hair off her forehead with her little trembling right hand.

"No, I do not," she said breathlessly. "How can I understand yet? Tell me more."

"I've nothing more to say except that when the *Quetta* went down I was on my way to find out whether the blow I'd struck the unfortunate man had proved fatal. I know now that he is dead, and I am going back to tell her. I made her a promise that I would do so as soon as I could ascertain the truth, and I must keep it. Then—" he made a gesture of finality.

"Then!" she repeated, with startled terror in her voice.

"I shall give myself up and let justice take its course. That is the only straightforward plan to pursue, and I should have followed it long ago."

Again she was silent, again she seemed to be thinking deeply. Her next question showed, however, that it was not the chance of his arrest that most occupied her mind.

"So—you are going back—to her?"

"Yes, I am—but only for the purpose I have told you."

"Answer me this." Oora's face was pushed forward agitatedly, and on a sudden she looked eager and soft and oddly enticing. "Tell me which do you love? The other woman," she exclaimed, "or me?"

His lips twitched. He opened his arms as though to embrace her but drew them back with a jerk, and folded them across his chest. Forcing himself to speak calmly, he said:

"Of course, you must see that our relations to each other are outside all the ordinary conventions. Our meeting was a mere accident. What am I? Only a bit of human wreckage that the sea cast in your way and that but for your heroic impulse would have been swept to destruction. Better perhaps had that happened. The salt sea over there drifted us together for a night and a day, but the sea of life has drifted us apart again."

"The sea gave me your life," she sobbed, "and I thought no lesser power could have taken it away. But now the poor Sea-Witch's spell is broken."

She had moved a step or two and as she

did so had accidentally trodden on the chain where it lay in two pieces at their feet. Now, with a pitiful, half-contemptuous touch of her shoe she spurred it aside. He looked down at it regretfully, then at the shadowy storm-troubled face of her, and he was deeply moved.

"What is the good of telling you what you must know quite well already?" he asked almost sullenly. Then a rush of words broke from him. "Surely you do not need to be told that I love you? Ah! little Sea-Witch, the spell that you have put upon me is a mystery passing my understanding, but I could not break it, however much I might try. You make me believe in things that I used to think were only poets' fancies. I cannot account for the extraordinary attraction between you and me, unless it is true that there are certain people who, by some hidden law of Nature, are bound to be irresistibly attracted to each other from the first moment of their meeting. It may be that—or it may be because of the strangeness of the circumstances with which we were surrounded and which upset our mental balance—so that truly, as I said, this is a phase of madness from which we shall in time recover. My common sense would have me believe that that is so. But yet the power of the spell remains. For I know, Sea-Witch, that if you bade me follow you and drown myself with you in the straits over there, I should be glad to end it all that way. It would be sweet to sink down with you into the depths of sea—your arms around me, and your lips on mine."

"You would die for me," she cried, "but you will not live for me."

"Because that would be to drag you down to lingering misery. No, dear, no. There can be no explanation. I have nothing more to say. There is nothing for us to do but one thing—to face the tragedy in the least tragic way that is possible. We met on the sea like 'ships that pass in the night'—and like ships bound to different ports we must each go our way beyond the other's ken. You kissed me once, Sea-Witch. Kiss me again for we must bid each other good-bye."

He held out his arms, but she came no nearer.

"I kissed you then in token that we belonged to each other," she said in a strangled tone, "but I will not kiss you good-bye. Besides, I know—something in my heart tells me—that we do belong to each other, and that soon, very soon, perhaps, we shall meet again. If it were not for that how could I bear to let you go?"

"And I must leave you," he said, "Hark!"

While they had been speaking there had twice come an untuneful "Coo-ee," unmistakably the voice of a man, but neither of them listened to it. Now it came again urgently.

"My mate is calling me," he said. "That means that the boatmen want to go out with the tide, and that I must leave you."

Her fortitude almost forsook her. It needed all her confidence in Destiny to enable her to abide by the attitude she had determined to take up. And so

changeable is man that he would fain have had her continue to falter her tender entreaties. But she said nothing more. Her strength was beginning to fail. Only her eyes implored him and from them he turned heavily away, shutting out their pain and passion, and muttering blindly:

"I *must* go. It is best that we should be strangers—best that you should not even know my name. I could not in any case tell you the true one and there shall be no lies between you and me. I don't ask yours—or anything of you. It is for your own sake," he added. "Oh, Sea-Witch!—dear, brave, true little Sea-Witch, you must put me out of your life for ever, and although I shall never be able to forget you—try to forget me as soon as you can."

And it was thus that he left her, desolate in the midst of her wild green world, and the plaintive stirrings of the small live creatures in it were the only sounds he heard as he stole away.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Heart of the Storm

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD

IN the heart of the swirling storm
When the white winds have their way,
There comes from afar, from afar,
The dream of an earlier day;
And over the surge of years
Spring-time and youth hold sway.

Hope, with his heart of flame,
Walks by our side once more,
Urging us up and on
To the castled heights, and the door
That leads to the dear ideal
Our hearts have hungered for.

Doubt is quenched like a brand
Tossed in the shining deep,
And life looks kind as the eyes
Of a child just come from sleep.
Dream of an earlier day,
Keep us, your captives keep!

The Chalk Horses

A Racing Story

By W. A. FRASER, author of "Thoroughbreds"



O Stotter, the hundred dragon eyes of the Waldorf deviled the rain-splashed asphalt of Thirty-fourth Street into a canal of blood. He turned from it with a shiver, and tramped, with soggy feet, down the thronged corridor and into the billiard room. He ordered a brandy, sitting at a table staring at the humans of wealth that grinned in huge exultation because of their holdings. Unjustly he cursed them, for they had nothing to do with his shortage of fifteen thousand in Morley, the little village in Michigan. Not one of them had fattened off his three lean years of ill-luck.

He shut his eyes and thought bitterly of how insufficient was the three thousand in his pocket. Even that insufficiency was due to the first touch of good luck in three years—the fierce boom in Northern Pacifics. A morbid despondency hyper-acuted his mental vision; unreasoningly he saw the shadow of prison bars across his life trail.

The creak of a chair opened his strained eyes to a consciousness of two men about to take the vacant seats.

"Hello! Mr. Stotter of Morley?" one of them queried, and tentatively was thrust forward a hand. "Don't you remember me: Ben Stanton, clerk in the old Washington?"

"Yes, of course I do; though you've changed," Stotter answered.

"This is a friend of mine, Mr. Birch; this gentleman gave me my first start; that was ten years ago. It's a small world, after all, isn't it? Mr. Stotter was the whole show in Morley, Birch. When anybody was down they'd got to go to old Dave the Banker—excuse me, Mr. Stotter—for the coin."

A faint smile hovered about the thin lips of the banker.

"It was a one-man town, Birch; Mr. Stotter had everything cinched tight. I flew my kite for New York; I saw that nobody

but he ever got rich in Morley. I'm over in London now, Mr. Stotter, and doing all right. My friend, Mr. Birch, is one of the successful men, like yourself; he's made a barrel of money in London—mines. We were just going to have a quiet bottle; I cleaned up a cool thousand at Morris Park to-day. You see," he added, in explanation, to Stotter, "Mr. Birch, being a rich man of the world, knows everybody; and a friend of his, Cusick, can pick winners with his eyes shut."

"Cusick's hardly a friend, Stanton. I have very little to do with racing men; it's a dangerous game—mines for me."

"Well, anyway, he told me to back Yellow Bird; I had a hundred on at 10 to 1. Say! when that blonde-tailed skate came rolling home all by himself I let a yell out of me. Well, my throat's been dry ever since. Here's to you, gentlemen; this wine'll lubricate."

"You were lucky, Ben," the banker commented wearily.

"Lucky? Luck simply means having the sand to grab a chance when it swats one in the face. A man who plays his luck, piking along with a five-dollar bet on every race will quit a loser, sure. A man ain't 'it' only about once in a full moon, and he wants to play 'em hard when he is. You remember Jim Regan, Mr. Stotter; that's what he used to say, and he's made a million."

"Regan hadn't much when he came to Morley first," Stotter interjected.

"The time he came there with that selling plater, Blackbird, eh? Say, Birch, you'd have thrown a fit. Mr. Stotter had a mare, Jess, three-quarter thoroughbred, quarter Hambletonian trotter, and three-halves grit. She won the trotting race, and when they yanked her out of the old high-wheeled sulky, and slammed a saddle on her back for the steeplechase, Regan grinned. But Jess copped; and Regan

had to borrow money from Mr. Stotter to get away. Ain't that a true bill, sir?"

The banker nodded, and said: "Regan was an honest man. Is he horse racing still, Ben?"

"Rather! You should have seen him at Morris Park to-day; he's got Barry Wall skinned to death on togs. But Regan doesn't hold them over Cusick any on the question of first past the post."

"Yes, Cusick's clever," Birch added. "He's won a fortune on the turf; but he's got the gambler's itch and blows it in at faro."

"Well, gentlemen," Stanton said, "I must go—dinner engagement. Glad I've seen you, Mr. Stotter. Good-bye."

"Great boy, that," Birch remarked, following Stanton's figure with his eyes. "Any man that does him a good turn is a friend at once; he hasn't learned to draw the line yet. I met this Cusick crossing the Atlantic. I did him a little favour, and he's never forgotten it; he's got the regular gambler's code of honour about sticking to a man who helps or trusts him. He told me about Yellow Bird to-day, but I answered that backing horses was too risky for me. After the races he came to me with the darndest scheme I ever heard of. He wanted me to put up a couple of thousand, and he would run it into thirty thousand in a day. He was square enough about it, and could do it; but—well, it wasn't in my line. If I needed the money bad—if I were a cashier short in my accounts, I don't say what I'd have done; but I'm busy with my own good thing, my mine, just now. I'm selling a property in Montana to the Amalgamated people, and I'm full up over business."

"I should have been tempted to take a chance like that," the banker commented presently, as Birch puffed leisurely at a cigar. Then he added, "I've not been so fortunate in mining schemes as you have, sir."

Birch looked at the speaker leisurely through the cigar smoke; then he said: "You wouldn't have touched this—unless it was a case of must have money. Cusick wanted to tap the wire at a pool room on Thirty-sixth Street. I see; you don't understand. I don't either, though Cusick does thoroughly. He's the cleverest wire-

tapper in America, I've been told. They say he's won large sums in every pool room in the West. I don't blame him much, for the pool room men are a lot of sharks."

"And he can really do this thing?"

"Yes. The devil—" Birch turned in his chair, saying: "That's Cusick coming now; I hope he hasn't seen me. He's so cursed honest in his friendliness that I can't cut him."

Stotter saw a tall, slender man approaching. His dress was quiet, his face thoughtful and somewhat pallid. He bore no extraneous hall-mark of the gambler. Except a slight chain which traversed his vest there was no visible jewelry. He sauntered leisurely up to the table, and a quiet smile of recognition lighted his clear-cut features as he said, "Good evening, Mr. Birch."

Birch raised his eyes to Cusick's face, then they clearly indicated the chair Stanton had vacated; but their owner's voice was studiously cold as he answered the other's greeting.

Cusick, holding his hat at an apologetic angle, looked inquiringly from Birch to Stotter, and asked, "Am I intruding upon business?"

"Not at all, sir," Stotter answered, and Cusick slipped quietly into a chair.

Birch frowned; then, as if yielding to the inevitable, said, brusquely, "Mr. Stotter—Mr. Cusick."

"We were talking about race horses," the banker said, breaking the awkward silence which Birch seemed unwilling to disturb.

"Ah! most pleasing subject. Are you interested in that noble animal, the thoroughbred?"

Birch answered: "Mr. Stanton was telling this gentleman, who is a very old friend—Mr. Stotter is a wealthy banker in Michigan—about winning a thousand on your advice, and I was saying I had not taken the chance as being too risky."

Cusick shot a narrow-lidded look of inquiry at the speaker; that gentleman's right eye closed almost imperceptibly.

"I'm glad the young fellow won," Cusick declared languidly; "you should have bet a thousand. I want to see you

presently. I'm going to win you some money in spite of yourself—"

"Not to-night." Birch pulled out his watch—"By Jingo! I must go." He turned to Stotter apologetically: "I'm talking mines with an Amalgamated man over dinner to-night." He added, addressing Cusick with a smile: "You might increase Mr. Stotter's wealth, Mr. Cusick. With his bank at your back you ought to break up the bookmakers' ring and swamp the pool rooms. Birch's smile softened to a look of geniality as he said, picking up his hat: "Good night, Mr. Stotter; I shall be glad to give you a spin in my Mercedes to-morrow if you are here. Good night."

At Birch's departure Cusick rose from the table; Stotter pushed back his chair and the two men drifted silently through the bar to the corridor.

"Are you going into the café for dinner, sir?" Cusick asked. "Why not join me? It would be a favour to-night; I'm blue."

Something in this expression of despondency brought a sympathetic response of, "Thank you, I will," from Stotter.

Stotter ate subconsciously. Dimly he had heard Cusick say something about a cassarole chicken—perhaps it was. And something was warming him—perhaps it was the wine his companion had ordered. Cusick's well-modulated voice, dwelling on horses and the big winnings men had made, floated soothingly into his retrospect of the wreck at Morley.

"And what do you suppose happened, Mr. Stotter?"

The concise question woke the banker. "What was that, Mr. Cusick. I missed what you said."

"Why, I bet a hundred on a horse to-day, as I said just now, and he should have romped in; but the bookmakers had got to the jockey and—" Cusick shrugged his shoulders, and spread his palms outward with French expressiveness.

"Are they that dishonest?"

"They're pirates; lost to all sense of honour! They've robbed me until I'm tired of it. They rob everybody."

He leaned across the table, looked cautiously about, and said, speaking low: "You're a friend of Birch's, and I don't

mind telling you that I'm going to get even. I wanted to see Mr. Birch. I'm going to play the bookmakers' own game against them. I wanted Birch to put in a couple of thousand, and I can run that into ten times the amount in one day."

"I don't think Mr. Birch will invest," Stotter said quietly.

Cusick's eyes opened. Even to Stotter himself the words sounded oddly; it was as if another voice had uttered them. Had he made up his mind to take this plunge himself? He had been debating it in an obscure corner of his mind; the temptation had been tinkling like a sheep bell in some distant field—just hearable. But the words? Surely he was closing out the other man from this endeavour that he shrank from.

"Why do you say Mr. Birch won't? He trusts me implicitly."

"He said he wouldn't."

"He has told you? That's hardly like Birch; he's the soul of honour. I know that he wouldn't go into it for the sake of the money; he doesn't need it, but he would help me."

"Never mind, Mr. Cusick. I need fifteen thousand dollars; I've got a little capital—two thousand, say. Now tell me about this. I've dealt squarely by men all my life, and for three years—well, what's the use of talking—I'm bitter. Every man I've trusted has preyed upon me. Go, on, tell me about it."

"I know what you've been up against," declared Cusick. "The men that sit behind the box dealing, whether it's faro, or industrials, or copper, or horses, are pirates. They play with a double zero, and a stop on the wheel that throws the little ball against the sucker public. I've had it thrown into me until I've got to smother down something and play their own game against them."

"Well," said Stotter quietly.

"I'll explain, and you can join in and make your fifteen thousand without any risk, if you wish; just as you feel about it, sir. I've got the cleverest telegraph operator in America in our office across the street from the pool room. His instrument is tapped on the race wire, and he simply keeps back the whole race message

until he has the winner. Then he signals me as I stand in the pool room window. I have a man, Morgan, in the room; he will give you the winner and you can bet. Then Dick lets the message come through. It's simple; that's all there is to it. Morgan will introduce you into the room; he often bets there. We'll bet on two races only, putting all the winnings on the second bet. Then we'll come away and divide, half and half, a small fortune. There's no risk. The Metropolitan handicap is on to-morrow, the fourth race. It will be a big betting race, and we can have the wire in good shape for that. Then we can do one more; we won't be in the room over an hour. What do you say, sir?"

Stotter pondered for a silent minute. Dishonourable? What was the other at Morley? And from that there was no escape—that dishonour of hungry creditors, depositors; perhaps they could prosecute him criminally. Anyway the smash was inevitable unless this glamorous, alluring way of escape was possible. "The sand to grab a chance," Stanton had said was all there was in luck.

"Come here at 10 o'clock to-morrow, Mr. Cusick, and I'll give you an answer; I think I'll try it, but I want to weigh the matter."

"Quite proper; I'll be here at ten. Good night, sir."

As Cusick arose, a man in evening dress checked at the table, looked fixedly at him, and then turned a pair of mild blue eyes upon the banker. "Why Stotter! How are you, Dave?" he said.

"Regan!" Stotter exclaimed, and they shook hands.

Cusick shot a frown of caution and moved leisurely away.

"Know that man? Hope he's not a friend of yours?" the blue-eyed man expressed.

"No; I just met him here casually," the banker said evasively.

"Ah! that's all right; only he's a dangerous man. He's a wire-tapper; take care of yourself in New York, it's not Morley. All well out there?"

Then Regan joined the friend who had come in with him, quite unconscious of the fact that his warning had served its

reverse purpose, and was a credential for Cusick.

Stotter went to his room. He paced its floor for an hour, addressing the three thousand he threw on the table as if its insufficiency were an understanding embodiment, a weakling to be blamed for his acceptance of temptation. If Fate had not meant to give him one more chance why had Fate thrust across his path Stanton, and Birch, and Cusick, and even Regan, to testify gratuitously, that Cusick could tap the wire?"

The light streaming through the back of a chair threw a shadow across the floor that was like prison bars. Stotter shuddered, put the money beneath his pillow, turned out the light, and lay wide-eyed for hours questioning darkness for some sign.

In the morning, in the weak hour, he told himself that he couldn't take this chance; better to just let things drift. But at ten o'clock this thing that had veered back and forth in his mind, now for it, now against it, flipped acquiescence from his tongue.

And Cusick said: "Morgan will take you to the pool room in good time for the Metropolitan; he'll show you all about the betting."

There was a suggestion of criminality in the surreptitious entry to the pool room. A knock on the door, and when it opened a burly guard in a little ante-room barred further progress.

"A friend of mine, Mike," Morgan vouched, and, passing another door, Stotter found himself in a large room, thick with tobacco smoke, where a hundred men sat on benches, or walked restlessly about. Something in the nervous, meaningless wanderings of these suggested caged leopards. A few pored over the form sheet of racing papers, others surreptitiously consulted telegrams of advice. Through a wicket Stotter could see the room officials, and hear the intermittent click of a telegraph instrument.

Presently a man issued hurriedly from his office with a paper in his hand, mounted a stool, and wrote on a blackboard the names of fifteen horses.

"The runners for the fourth race, the

Metropolitan," advised Morgan. "We're in nice time."

Stotter saw Cusick leaning listlessly against the window frame, his clean-cut face the only calm one in the room, undefiled of excitement.

A voice from somewhere called, "First betting at the track, gentlemen!" And the writer chalked a row of figures in front of the names.

It was like tapping on a bee-hive. The men swarmed in erratic agitation; they jostled each other in a scramble for blank cards that lay upon a long narrow table. A thin-faced man put a dozen in each pocket. He wrote with nervous fingers a ten-dollar bet on Goldenrod, then he scanned the blackboard intently. His perusal of the chalk horses read him some hidden cryptogramic meaning, for he tore the pasteboard, and threw the fragments to the floor, wagging his head sagely.

Stotter watched this erratic one curiously as he wrote another bet, Goldenrod for third place. Half-a-dozen times he pencilled a card; at last he took his place in the line of bettors that led to the wicket, grasping a card upon which was inscribed a two-dollar bet on King John at 50 to 1.

Presently he came back, snapping his fingers, and Stotter heard him mutter: "Hell! my name's Dennis from the fall of the flag. King John'll run out at the first turn; he always does that on the 'Withers Mile,' and I forgot it. Two simoleons gone to the burning. It's me for the turpentine business in Georgia."

A heavy-faced man stepped in front of the banker and asked: "Say, mister, what weight had Bingo up when he beat Grey Goose in the 'Manhattan'—have you got the dope in your pocket?"

The banker shook his head.

"There's the second betting," Morgan said to Stotter; "here are cards. I'm going to Cusick. When he gets the signal I'll tell you the horse, and you'll have to get your bet down quick. When you shove it through that wicket the man'll call out your number; write it on a duplicate card of the bet."

Someone at Stotter's elbow said: "That's a false price about Pietro, 40 to 1. I see him do a gallop three days ago that burned

up the track, a mile in 1.40. And Brown's ridin' him to-day; he'll make that bunch look like sellin' platters. God! if I had a thousand in my pocket I'd make a killin'. Say, d'you know what I did last year at Sheepshead? I run a shoestring into a wad—six thousand, s'elp me I did. I lands at the track wit' two bucks to the good, and in the first race I plays Pink-nose at 100 to 1. It was a hunch bet. Goin' down in the car was a nigger sittin' in front of me wit' a pink spot the size of a nickel on his snoot; and when I sees Pink-nose in the first race I plunks for him, an' he comes home on the bit. I bets it all back on—"

But a strong voice drowned this tale of good fortune with: "They're at the post, they'll be off in a minute!"

At this warning some last minute bettors rushed to the wicket; and Morgan, slipping quickly through the throng, whispered to Stotter: "Ruffian's won; quick, write your bet; he's six to one. That's right—\$12,000 to \$2,000, Ruffian. Initial the card. Now shove it in, quick, Dick's holding the wire."

Almost immediately after Stotter's money went in, the wicket was closed with a bang, and the man within said, "All done, no more!" The operator, standing in the office door reading the babbling instrument, cried: "They're off!—with Pietro in the lead!"

A sudden hush fell upon the room; the babel of voices stilled; men craned their necks and watched the chalk horses on the blackboard as if they were animate creatures of volition. Some held their breath; no one even whispered, lest he should disarrange the galloping steeds. On the keyboard the wire that had been singing like a locust, had ceased its irritating click. The banker's nerves were vibrating with the intensity of their stretch; his fingers, moist with the cold perspiration of excitement, were crushing the duplicate card.

An impatient burr from the dominating instrument smote upon the stillness like a tattoo from a snare drum, and the operator's voice gave its message: "Pietro at the quarter—by a length; Bingo second; Mascot third." The call vibrated the heavy stillness of the room that was like

a tropical jungle hushed in awe of a coming storm. Then the Morse tongue babbled again, and the operator drawled: "The same at the half—Pietro two lengths to the good!"

"Say, mister, what did I tell you, what about Pietro now? Gads! an' me without a dollar on him!" The Pinknose man grasped Stotter by the arm, and looked into his face out of eyes that were bloodshot with intensity.

"Pietro at the three-quarters! Mascot a length away; and—"

There was five seconds of a pause, while a hundred men held their breath waiting for the name of the third horse.

"The wire's in trouble," the operator said impatiently, and a groan of dismay went up from many throats.

"Ah! there it comes!" some one exclaimed joyously, as the instrument burred again.

"Pi-e-tro into the stretch—" the inexorable voice of fate bawled. ("What did I tell you!" fairly screamed Pinknose, "they'll never—") "by a head; Irish second; Ruffian third—and coming fast!"

"Come on you Ruffian!" somebody cried. The call loosened other tongues, and the speaker was answered by "Irish 'll win for a hundred."

The blackboard writer slipped quietly along the wall, mounted his stool and waited expectantly.

The clamour of the bettors had died away, the singing wire had ceased its music; Stotter's heart was in his throat, the air of the room, oppressive with silence, was smothering.

"Click-clickety-click-click!" sang the keyboard. "Ruffian wins—e-e-easy!" bellowed the operator; and the writer drew a chalk oval about the horse's name. "Irish gets the place; Mascot shows."

"Thank God!" Stotter muttered, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"It's all right," Morgan whispered. "As soon as they write the time of the race on the blackboard, cash in your ticket at that other window."

As they waited for the time to cash in, Stotter looked nervously many times at his ticket, and then at the blackboard. There was a fear in his heart—his luck

was so bad—that something would go wrong; not until he actually felt the money in his pocket would he believe in this good fortune.

"They're a long time weighing in, seems to me," Morgan said. "I hope there's no devilish objection; why doesn't that time come up?"

This speech troubled Stotter. Of course there would be an objection, or something; the three lean years had divorced him from hope.

"Ah! there's something coming now," Morgan added, as the writer came from the office. "All right!" he continued cheerfully, "1.38½ for the mile. Gee! they went a cracker—good old Ruffian! Better give me the ticket, I'll get it quicker."

"Thank you, I can manage all right," Stotter objected, and he slipped into the line that was forming in front of the paying wicket.

As the cashier passed him a great sheaf of notes, \$14,000, the men in line behind craned their necks, and watched with hungry eyes the yellow-backed symbols of power.

On the blackboard there was a new array of chalk horses.

"These are two-year-olds at four-and-a-half furlongs," Morgan said, "and Gunpowder's favourite at six to four in the first betting. It's raining at Morris Park," he added, pointing to these words written on the blackboard. "That won't make any difference to us. I expect we'll have another bet in this," his voice sank to a whisper, "as they've got the ticker working. Just stand here, I'll get the word from Cusick."

A whisper of Stotter's big win passed through the room, and men eyed him with furtive respect. Perhaps it was Pittsburgh Phil, or Grannan, or Regan. Stotter himself felt a strange exhilaration of superiority. These others were but victims of capricious chance; just as Fate threw the dice they won or lost. But he had the alchemist's secret that made, with certainty, the figures he pencilled on a card just so much money. The immorality of it was smothered by the hot excitement of the experience.

One man, made bold by necessity, came

up to Stotter and said: "Excuse me, mister, that was a nice win you had; I see you cash in. I wish you'd do something for me. I lose a hundred to that last race; I ain't cashed a bet for a week. I tell you straight, mister, God knows I need the money, I'm in a hole. If you've got another like Ruffian up your sleeve, give me the tip. It won't make no difference to you in the odds here."

"I don't know anything about the horses," the banker answered, unguardedly. The man turned away with a curse on his lips.

"It's Gunpowder," Morgan whispered, touching Stotter's arm. "She's been cut to even money. We've lost the best of the betting, shove it in quick—the whole of it. They're holding the wire back."

Even for that strong New York pool room the banker's bet of fourteen thousand even was an unusual one. The official ducked his head and looked through the wicket curiously at the bettor. "Looks like a hayseed, and bets 'em like Phil," he muttered. The operator said something, and he slammed the wicket. Then the operator called: "They're off—Cottage in the lead—something left at the post—looks like Powder."

A half-smothered "Ah-h!" vibrated the room. A man at Stotter's elbow cursed. "Damn a hot favourite, anyway! The bookmakers 'll get to 'em some way or other."

A numbing sensation dulled Stotter's brain for an instant, then he shook it off. It was foolish; the race was already run, and Gunpowder had won. No matter what the wire babbled, he was not like the other foolish ones. He drew a cigar from his pocket and tried to light it; the match burned his fingers, and he threw the cigar away with a shiver of unrest.

"Cottage in the stretch—Alice B. second—Gold Dust third—they're all in a bunch," was the next call.

And again Stotter's mind wavered, his heart beat with rapid, feeble strokes. Was it true? Who had blundered? Cusick's man or the room operator? Twenty-eight thousand dollars and despair or rehabilitation hung on the next word the operator would utter. An intense few seconds, and a cry that was like an echo

from the three lean years staggered the banker.

"Alice B. wins—Cottage second—close thing for the show money—they're all in a bunch, heads apart."

Stotter reeled as if he had been struck a heavy blow. He groped his way to the door, he gasped for air, he wanted to get out of the evil-smelling gambling hell into which he had been lured by a foolish trick. The very ease with which he was to acquire this money might have warned him it was a confidence game. As he stood for a second in the hall, the door opened and closed behind him. Turning he saw Cusick. Wrath flared up hot and blinding in Stotter's brain. "You damn hound!" he cried, hurling himself unexpectedly upon Cusick. His strong fingers grasped the slender olive throat as he forced the gambler's head back to the wall. Cusick's hand, clutching feebly at something in his hip pocket, was suddenly grasped at the wrist, and a voice said: "Here—you men! My God! it's you, Stotter—let the man go, I say—you're killing him! Do you hear—it's me, Regan!"

He wedged his body between the men and broke the clinch.

"No—let the hound go," Stotter cried, as Regan clutched at Cusick, who was moving away.

Regan slipped a key in an office door, saying, "Come in here, Stotter. Now sit down, and tell me what's wrong." He put his hand on the other's shoulder. "Go on, Dave," he coaxed, "tell me. You helped me when I was pinched, perhaps I can help you now."

"I've been buncoed, Regan, and—and—it serves me right."

"It always does. Go on, out with it."

"I met that Cusick last night by an evil chance. A man that used to be in Morley introduced me to a rich mining man, Birch—"

"Birch? Mining nothing! unless it was floating a bunco property. He's the head of the gang. He introduced Cusick, eh?"

"Yes; and now I know he's a runner for that thief pool room. I lost two thousand

dollars, and, my God! Regan, I needed the money."

"Why didn't you come to me? I know that thief's game. He told you he had the wire tapped, didn't he? And you thought you had a sure thing?"

The banker hung his head in shamed silence. Then he roused himself to say, "As God is my judge, Regan, I wouldn't have listened if it wasn't to save—Do you know what I was going to do?"

"Yes, I can guess—play the cowardly fool because you'd struck a streak of hard luck. Now, listen to me, while I tell you something, Stotter, and if I didn't know you I'd say it serves you right. In the first place the men that run that room are not thieves; I know—because I'm the man; it's my money, though I don't come here often. The manager doesn't even know Cusick; if he had he'd have thrown him out. And Cusick can't tap any pool room in New York; he used that bait to get you to bet heavy, put up big money, and he'd split the winnings with you. Dave, you were easy. What did you back?"

"Ruffian and Gunpowder; Ruffian won, but Gunpowder was left at the post."

"I thought so. Cusick got you to play two favourites. See this paper? That's Maxim and Gay's tip for two best bets of the day, 'Ruffian and Gunpowder.' Cusick took a chance of their both winning. You were betting your money on the level; you weren't cheating the pool room any. Dave, I'm going to give you that two thousand back. We don't need it; there's a hundred gambling suckers born every minute."

"I won't take it; I'd rather jump in the river."

"We'll see about that. I'm to blame some for this—I helped that crook snare you. Last night I said carelessly that he was a wire tapper; he *has* worked that game out West. That made his play good

you see. I backed up his lie. Now, tell me about the trouble in Morley—no, don't do that. How much are you short? Fifteen thousand, eh? That's not much, Dave. Just come with me back to the room."

As they entered Regan glanced carelessly at the blackboard. Then he turned with a curious look in his blue eyes, and said to his companion: "How's this, Stotter, you've won. See that ring around Gunpowder?"

"I've won? What—are you—saying—I've won?"

"Wait a minute." Regan stepped to the wicket, and tapped on the closed window. It opened, and he said: "Hello, Hank, what won this last race?"

"Gunpowder, Mr. Regan. Alice B. come up first, but it was raining at the course, and they made a mistake in the colours. Alice B. wasn't in the money."

"It's all right, Stotter, Gunpowder gets it," Regan said. "As soon as the time comes up you can cash in."

"I won't take the money, Regan; I tried to rob you."

"Yes, you will; you won it on the level. The money doesn't belong to the room, and you've got to take it. My manager here laid nearly all of the bets off; he took ten thousand from the other rooms on our wire. Here, give me your ticket. You hadn't better cash it yourself."

"Cusick—"

"I'll settle with him, damn him! He'll find out that Gunpowder won, and he'll try for this money. He'll get every cent of it if he has to sandbag you. I'm going to settle this in my own way, Dave, and you're going back to Morley to-morrow with pretty near twenty-eight thousand in your pocket, and Cusick is going to be quite satisfied. And never touch horses again so long as you live, Stotter. It's a rotten game—for the public."



When the Dominion Was Young

The Last of Six Historical Sketches

By J. E. B. McCREADY



HERE is strong temptation in writing these sketches to become discursive and to bring in or refer to scenes and incidents of those early days not yet touched upon which were more or less historic, spectacular or exceptional. The impeachment of Judge Lafontaine, of Aylmer, was one of these—the first and only occasion since Confederation when Parliament began proceedings for the purpose of deposing a judge of a superior court. A committee of great lawyers was struck with John Hilyard Cameron as chairman, Sir John Macdonald, Edward Blake, Lucius S. Huntingdon, and others as members, and I as clerk, made personal service on the judge of the committee's summons. But the judge was superannuated before the remarkable inquiry was concluded.

And there was the memorable battle between Bunster and Cheval in Room 13, when the loud din of the conflict summoned the brother members to break in the locked door and rescue the little Canadian from the clutches of the bearded grizzly of the Pacific Coast—the rescued man still holding in hand a tuft of black beard torn from the chin of his adversary. It was the only actual fight I knew of between members, but there came very near being another at their hotel between Levisconte, a stalwart anti-confederate from Cape Breton, and Col. Ferguson, of Cardwell. It was over that fruitful topic, the Nova Scotia grievance. "We'll send a regiment of our volunteers down to whip you in," said the Colonel. Quick came the retort, "Yes, but perhaps the officers would get sore feet, like a certain Colonel at Ridgeway." In saying this the Nova Scotian unwittingly offended, not knowing that his remark could have a personal application, and when informed on that point he wished to retract the

remark. The apology was met with defiance, and was promptly withdrawn. But the seemingly inevitable duel was prevented by mutual friends.

Again there was the interesting occasion when the Honourable William Macdougall "saw a stranger in the gallery," the stranger being none other than Senator Miller, of Nova Scotia. The Speaker promptly ordered the galleries cleared, though the senators were very reluctant to be put out, the first of all, from their special preserve. At length they and the thousand spectators, including wives of cabinet ministers and many other ladies and their escorts, were all out and the doors locked behind them. The newspaper men had enjoyed the scene, counting all men mortal but themselves, when Sergeant-at-Arms McDonnell appeared at their gallery entrance, waving his dress sword in peremptory fashion. At first they would not go; the eyes of all the House were turned upon their gallery and some members cheered their determination to stay. The Sergeant insisted; Joe Rymal roared, "Got to go, boys," and out they went. The Gallery promptly held an indignation meeting, and the pressmen refused to return when requested to do so a little later. There was no Hansard in those days, and the strike of the Gallery caused an almost immediate adjournment of the House.

One might be tempted to tell of Mr. Howe, chafing in the restraints of his cabinet position and the faded glories of his lost anti-confederate leadership, rising sometimes to speak as he loved to do, but perchance now to be pulled down by the coat-tail at the hands of his leader or an officious colleague. Once he delivered a lecture before the Y.M.C.A. of Ottawa, touching upon Canadian relations with the Mother Country. It was printed in pamphlet form before he delivered it, and a few copies had been

mailed abroad. A messenger from Stadacona Hall waited till the reading was finished and then handed Mr. Howe a note. The lecture was suppressed. And some days the Old Man Eloquent paced the walks of Parliament Square with a slow, measured stride, wrapped in his own gloomy thoughts. At length he was appointed Governor of Nova Scotia, there, too soon, to die.

Or we might give a passing glance into one of Sir George Cartier's Saturday evening conversaciones, where all was jollity, song and repartee; where we sang in honour of our host his own, "O Canada, Mon Pays Mes Amours," or, in a row of chairs stretched down the long hall, each rower equipped with a snow shovel, "the voices kept tune as the oars kept time" in the swelling strains of the Canadian Boat Song, all the while Sir George passing gaily round among his guests, chatting in two languages, and perchance accosting the member from Wentworth—"Now, Mr. Rymal, you *must* say something funny!"

Or one might tell of a visit, such as many loved to pay, to Alonzo Wright, the hospitable King of the Gattineau, at his home. On one of these occasions, after we had seen much that was rare, or curious, or of historical interest—like the flagstaff erected by the Old Guard of Conservatism in the dark days—he said: "But you have not seen my horses." We went to the barnyard, but no horses were in sight. A little later one appeared on the crest of a hill a good way off. The King held up his hand. Instantly the horse started toward us briskly, and was joined by another and another until there were a dozen or more in the troop, racing at a swift pace down the slope. It seemed they would run over us, but at ten feet distance, with all feet braced forward, they came to a sudden halt. Then they filed singly past their owner, each receiving a caressing touch from his hand, and then strolled away content. Mr. Wright was not a frequent speaker in the House, but he was popular on both sides. Once in each session toward the close, it was his custom to make a speech which was altogether delightful, replete with patriotism, "gen-

erous sentiments, gentle humour, and garnished with literary gems. There was always a full House and galleries when this annual treat was expected.

So affairs drew on toward the close of the first Parliament. The Intercolonial was building, but it seemed a colossal task, even with the imperial guarantee of three millions sterling, to build the line from Truro to Riviere du Loup—500 miles. And now the Government had undertaken, as the price of bringing in British Columbia, to build another line from Callender in the Ottawa valley to the Pacific Coast; through the desolate wilds north of Superior, across the buffalo plains, through the Rockies and the "sea of mountains" beyond. Our neighbours to the south, with all their enterprise and wealth, had not undertaken a transcontinental railway until they had half a million people on the Pacific Coast. We had not the population of two good counties along the route between Callender and Bute Inlet. Were they mad, these bold Confederate leaders? To some it seemed so. All can now appreciate the fact that they possessed the forecast which is the truest test of statesmanship, and saw with clear vision what few could then see, the great Dominion as it is today, and the greater Dominion of the future, ranking with the mighty empires of history.

Never was there a more momentous election in Canada than that of 1872. Nova Scotia was yet recalcitrant, notwithstanding the Better Terms of 1869, and its local Government was hostile to the Ottawa ministry. Ontario had been captured by the Liberals, and the Sandfield Macdonald Government overthrown. Manitoba was yet unrestful. Some ardent Unionists were in fear that the union compact might yet fail, and to these and to the Fathers it seemed most important that the Government should be sustained, at least until the Dominion was established beyond all fear of disruption.

So the great conflict came with the contending hosts arrayed at the polls, from Cape Breton to Vancouver. When the smoke had cleared from the vast battlefield some chiefs had fallen, and

from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains there was an equal division of Government and Opposition members elected. The Government had in all Canada a bare majority of six, the number returned by the small white population of British Columbia. Sir George Cartier was defeated in Montreal East by over 1,200 votes, and found another seat in Provencher, Manitoba, while Sir Francis Hincks took refuge in far-off Vancouver Island. It was indeed a Pyrrhic victory for the Government. It was an earthquake that again shook the unfinished walls of the great Dominion fabric. For in that structure, though the foundations had been well and truly laid, the mortar was yet too soft to ensure stability. It needed the hardening influence of time.

Parliament met in March, with the Government partially reconstructed, the most important change being the retirement of Sir Francis Hincks from the portfolio of Finance, and the succession of Sir Leonard Tilley thereto. The Opposition were aggressive and confident, led by honest, "granite-faced" Alexander Mackenzie. Early in April, into the dismayed Government ranks fell the Huntingdon charges like a bolt from Heaven, and thereafter for a time politics became tragic.

Huntingdon of the silver tongue, the handsome, gracious presence, the indolent, gifted man, who was wont to sit toying with his watchchain, half oblivious of what was going on in the chamber on ordinary occasions, now transformed into the stern accuser of the mightiest in the land—it seemed a strange rôle for him to play. There followed Sir John's impassioned denial, his dramatic protest, "These hands are clean!" the appointment of a committee of five, Hilyard Cameron, Blanchet, James Macdonald, Blake and Dorion, empowered by special act to take evidence under oath. But the Oaths Bill was disallowed and a Royal Commission was appointed instead of the committee. In the meantime the compromising letters and telegrams, purloined in Montreal, had been published and a storm of commotion swept the land. The Opposition journals rang with fierce

denunciations, while some of the Government organs wavered in their defence or became hostile, and across the ocean came the stern commentary of the British press.

After the appointment of the commission the stormy session was ended by a prorogation made against the expressed wishes of a majority of the House in their memorial to Lord Dufferin, and the Usher of the Black Rod entered the Chamber amid a cyclonic outburst of protests in which the dominant note was the robust voice of Luther Hamilton Holton shouting "Privilege! Privilege!"

In the stress of this commotion in House and country, Prince Edward Island had been brought into the union, completing the Dominion from sea to sea. The six Island members were to take part in the subsequent proceedings. On which side would they rank themselves? was a question of great interest. And in the meantime Cartier had died in London on May 20, and Howe in Halifax on June 1, the once mightiest spirits of Quebec and Nova Scotia.

Parliament reassembled on 23rd October and from the first it was war to the knife in and out of the Chamber. Mackenzie moved his motion of censure as an amendment to the Address. While it was being debated the House and galleries were crowded, the atmosphere electric, and the suspense almost intolerable. Members sat at their desks with rigid features and clenched hands. From long before the opening there had been a vigorous whipping-in of the forces on both sides, and this process was now intensified. There were great speeches on both sides, argumentative, appealing and declamatory, trumpet calls to the hand-to-hand encounter in the last ditch. Outside the House, in their hotels and lodgings, wavering ones were offered their price in thousands, or in offices, not on one side only, but on both, and with the scales so balanced, the buying power of the Opposition is equal to that of the Government. What the leaders did not know of these things some of the lieutenants, at least, knew full well and many of the rank and file also. But votes, if they were, or could have been purchased, were not called for.

In the midst of it all John Heney was

brought to the bar of the House charged by Cunningham of Manitoba with having offered him a round sum to give his vote in support of the Government. The incident will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it—it had its grotesque as well as its serious features—and the effect was depressing to the ministerial cause, although all felt that it was but a partial “lifting of the lid.” Some still thought that the Government might score a small majority in the end, and it was expected that the debate would go on for weeks. But, as so often occurs, it was the unexpected that happened. The Government had at last despaired of obtaining a majority, and Sir John was too shrewd a tactician to permit a division to be taken in which the votes of former and probably future supporters would be needlessly recorded against him.

After a week of strenuous debate the House reassembled one day, and before the orders of the day were called, Sir John Macdonald rising in his place very briefly announced that he and his colleagues had tendered their resignations. The words startled the house like a thunderclap, and it was some moments before their full meaning was realised. Then an exultant cheer broke from the Opposition ranks. An instant later the ministers started across the floor, and with equal alacrity the Opposition sprang forward to seize the treasury benches. They passed each other on the way, and in less time than it takes to tell it Sir John was standing behind the desk of the leader of the Opposition, while Holton, Dorion, Smith and others had appropriated the ministerial seats. Mr. Mackenzie was absent with some other leading spirits of his party engaged in forming the new Administration.

There was some confusion as the members struggled for the best seats beside or behind their leaders, and then a sudden change came over the entire spirit and complexion of the House. Now that the worst and best was known, that defeat was admitted on one side and triumph secured on the other, the look of strained suspense passed away from members' faces. The late ministers assumed the jaunty air of boys just let out of school, and, as they were the Opposition now, they began to salute the new occupants of the ministerial seats with jocular defiance. But the scene was short. Mr. Holton, who was temporarily leading the House, moved the adjournment, which was presently carried.

Time teaches many lessons and revises many judgments. It would be unfair to leave at this stage the men who crossed the floor from the seats of power to the cold shades of Opposition in 1873 without recalling that the verdict rendered years later, after mature deliberation, and many times reaffirmed, was different from that recorded in the stormy days of the Pacific scandal. Canada recalled Sir John Macdonald to power in 1878, and steadfastly kept him at the head of affairs till the end of his days. It was not to obscure the lustre of his great achievements that the incident of his temporary downfall is here brought under review. His fame is secure, and history will accord him the foremost place among the statesmen that Canada has yet nurtured. And this last historic scene, so important as it was politically, was unique in being the only instance since Confederation in which a change of ministry took place during a session of Parliament.

THE END



Commerce as a Science

Editorial from the London Outlook



IN keeping with the utilitarian spirit of the time there is taking place at our centres of higher education a development which Professor Ashley* discusses in the current number of *Science Progress*. When the new University of Birmingham was founded in 1900, Mr. Chamberlain gave expression to a long-felt want when in the charter of the University he provided for the establishment of a "Faculty of Commerce" side by side with the faculties of Arts, Science and Medicine. Manchester and Leeds have since followed the example of Birmingham, for the new universities at these centres have also established faculties of Commerce. Cambridge, though it still clings to its own nomenclature and calls its new degree course the Economics Tripos, has taken a step in the same direction, and we must apparently expect to see in the future a department of commerce, whether so named or not, forming part of the ordinary machinery at all the newer universities. It is an interesting question as to how far this experiment will carry us, and as to the lines along which we should look to see a fruitful development.

There are at present two rival theories of higher education before us. According to the first theory the great object of education, and especially of higher education, is not so much to provide a technical equipment for the student consistently directed throughout the whole course of his studies towards the business or profession he is afterwards to follow as to equip him with a trained and furnished mind to be afterwards applied to the details of the calling he has chosen. According to the second view a large part of the education of this kind given at our older universities is useless to those who are destined to become business men. The sort of general

culture received often tends, it is said, rather towards making business life distasteful to young men. What is really required is higher education certainly, but at the same time higher education of that kind which will help to make a man a competent master of business or commerce. Professor Ashley's view is that whether the first idea of education is wrong or not in principle it has broken down in practice in this country. But that only carries us a stage further in the definition of the problem which is before us. This now becomes, "Granted a serious intention on the part of University authorities to provide a training which shall tend to fit, rather than unfit, men for business life, in what is that training to consist?"

In considering this very serious question, the practical answer to which will certainly have to be provided in the future in our schemes of higher education if this country is to maintain the place to which it is entitled in the international rivalry of trade and commerce, Professor Ashley's opinion is that we should look at it in a frankly utilitarian spirit. "We in England have too long aimed at culture, and hoped that utility would appear as a by-product. The result has been that the great body of the English middle-class has left the culture severely alone. Let us now, for a change, not be ashamed to aim at utility, and let us trust that culture will appear as a by-product." We have no objection to raise on the ground that this proposal may be revolutionary, or because the end aimed at is avowedly utilitarian. Yet it is possible that the reform in a certain type of higher education which Professor Ashley desires will be all the more likely to be attained if we maintain a very strict attitude of reserve to many of the schemes of bread and butter education of which we hear so much at present.

In a scheme of university education for business men, the problem is in reality much simpler than it appears. It is ad-

* Professor Ashley occupied the chair of Political Science in Toronto University for several years.

mitted that we are not dealing with the education of those who are destined to be the subordinates in the industrial army. We are concerned with the education of the young men who are to be afterwards the organisers, the directors and the captains of business undertakings. Now, in relation to these, there is no saying more profoundly true than that which asserts that all first-class ability is the same in kind, however much it may differ in the details to which it is applied. It is the same kind of qualities which makes a great general, a great statesman or a great business man. What is present in all cases is the power of organising facts—the power, that is to say, of seeing that relationship to each other of essentials which is hidden from ordinary men. It is in the last resort the power of sound judgment and incisive action of the kind which carries large enterprises to success. What is the university training which is to give us this result or to develop it in relation to business and commerce where it is already present? Professor Ashley thinks that a course of foreign languages, a strong infusion of science, regulated according to the business which the student is afterwards to enter, Commercial Law and Accounting should form an important element in the training. In addition to these, in the creation of a "science of commerce," he would provide for *private* economics for the business man as distinguished from political or social economy. It should be our aim to teach men to make money "in the sense in which it is the aim of a law school or medical school to teach men to make money as competent lawyers or physicians."

With nearly all that may be said as to the advantages of a course of training in the subjects mentioned we are in agreement. Yet we are not quite sure that it goes far enough. If we are to have at our centres of higher education in this country faculties of commerce which will enable our business men to attain the training they require to enable them to hold their own in the days that are coming in the world, we shall have to include in that training something more than a knowledge of technicalities likely to be

useful in their business. The kind of training and equipment for the leaders of commerce and enterprise which we want probably cannot be obtained in an exclusively technical education. What is required is the widest possible knowledge of the forces which have made the world and which are carrying it forward into new development. This kind does not come simply from ability to read a foreign newspaper and from the acquirement of a technical equipment. It is the greatest of mistakes to think that, because we throw overboard the subjects of a higher classical education which locks some men's minds in the classics, we have improved a young man's capacity for the leadership of business enterprise by locking up his mind in technical subjects. The great secret of the world at the present day is that in this the age of specialism the men who rule the world and who will rule the business world to an increasing degree in the future are not, and will not be, the specialists, but the men who have obtained that kind of knowledge and power which enables them to set the specialist to work and to see what the specialist rarely does see—namely, the relationship of the specialisms to each other. This is the virtue of trained knowledge of the larger kind, which carries enterprises to success, which builds up great businesses and which contributes in the highest degree to national development and prosperity. The important fact which those engaged in organising a suitable system of higher education for the men who are to become leaders of business should not lose sight of is that while a few hundred pounds a year will nearly always secure the services of a trained specialist in most departments of technical work, no limit can be put on the value, in its proper surroundings, of the kind of trained mind we have been describing. It is ability of this kind, working through technical education, and not simply technical education alone, as is often supposed, that is creating modern Germany. The German people are leading the world in technical instruction, but the brain of Germany, even in business, as the Germans themselves never forget to impress

on the rising generation, is the brain of a nation of trained thinkers and reasoners. It is not a matter of accident nor of tradition in this country, but one to which we must give weighty consideration, that the classical side in nearly all our public schools still attracts the pick of the young generation, and that, as Sir William Huggins has recently pointed out, a boy who remains late on the classical side will

soon overtake and outstrip even in science one who has been trained exclusively on the science side. This is not a fact to be used in defence of a purely classical education. But it is one of many similar facts with a deep and pregnant meaning behind them, which organisers of higher education for our business leaders of the future will have to keep steadily before them.

A Question and a Prayer

BY GEO. E. WINKLER

IF countless worlds revolve in space,
And all have but a single God,
What chance His busy eye will trace
The weary path my feet have trod?

Why should I think He knows the pain
My restless, longing heart endures,
Or notes the baffled, fevered brain,
Whose soaring thought no light insures?

Yet if this life would end to-night,
And I fore'er could cease to be,
Whence come these visions of delight,
And strains of wondrous harmony?

Magician of the starry skies,
Whose flaming spheres recite Thy praise,
Anoint my ears, anoint my eyes,—
Let humble Wisdom guide my days.

I cannot but believe Thee true,
Surpassing strong, surpassing kind;
And loving all earth's motley crew
With deep, unfathomable mind:

Ready to heed and grant the prayer
That asks no earthly power or pelf,
But casting by all meaner care
Seeks but a portion of Thyself.

If I may then petitions dare
For what may live and shine through me,—
Of Love I crave a bounteous share,
Of Truth and Justice large degree.

Current Events Abroad.

THE word "abroad" in the title of this department may be taken to include events of colonial importance, even though they occur in Canada. The other day, Mr. Hamar Greenwood, member of the British House of Commons, read a letter at a gathering in Toronto which has aroused considerable comment. This epistle was signed by Mr. Winston Churchill, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and was intended to signalise an historic change of attitude on the part of the Liberal Party in Great Britain.

Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill is a son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, third son of the seventh Duke of Marlborough. His father is said to have been the most brilliant failure in British political life in the nineteenth century. The son promises to be brilliant, whether he is a success or a failure. Though but thirty-two years of age, he is already known throughout the Empire and has been spoken of as a possible premier of Great Britain. He has been a soldier and a journalist, and is now devoting himself to public affairs.

In "Who's Who" for 1905, he is described as Conservative member for Oldham since 1900. History has not yet had time to record that he deserted the fading Conservative ranks and joined the Liberal Party last year. In a bare twelve months he is presuming to act as spokesman for that ancient and honourable body.

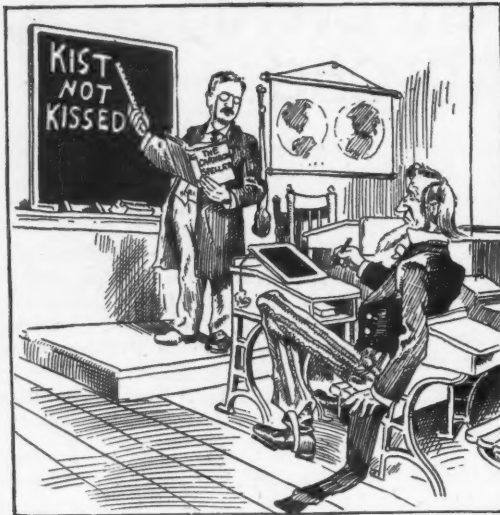
This is exceedingly rapid movement, but those who know Mr. Churchill will not be surprised at any burst of speed which he may display. Rapidity is one of his characteristics. When he visited Canada, the rapidity with which he disgusted the leading citizens with whom he came in contact was marvellous. In fact the story is told how a prominent member of the bar, in proposing his health, ended his short address with the pointed remark: "I am sure you will all agree with me in

wishing him a safe and speedy return to the land from which he came."

Just now, however, he is attempting to be an Imperialist in the broadest sense of that term. In his letter to Mr. Greenwood, as read by him, he speaks for "Imperial consolidation," and asks Mr. Greenwood to impress upon Canada the change in attitude of the Liberal Party. The latter half of this remarkable letter is as follows:

"What you must try to do, as far as may lie in your power, is to convince your friends and kinsfolk in Canada that this change in England, great and far-reaching though it has been, does not imply any weakening in the affection of the British people towards their kith and kin across the sea, or in the earnest and vigilant efforts of the Colonial Office to render the colonies every legitimate service, military, diplomatic or commercial, that may be in our power. There are new men, there are other principles, there will be different methods; but in the guiding aspirations, in the central impulse, in the ultimate aim, namely, a solid defensive league of free democratic communities, animated by a love of peace and justice under the leadership of the British Crown—in that there is no change, no sign of change, no expectation of change of any kind or sort whatever.

"And what, I should like to know, has the British Empire to fear from Liberal principles? It is one of the oddest things in modern history that there should be any question on this point. It is to Liberal social principles, carried in some ways to far more logical extremes than in this old country, that Canada and Australia and New Zealand ascribe no little share in their progress and prosperity. It is upon Liberal principles of tolerance and trust in racial matters, of freedom and equality in religious matters, that they built their own internal peace. It is by Liberal Imperial principles of colonial autonomy, of a lofty



ROOSEVELT AS A SCHOOLMASTER

—Le Mar in the Philadelphia Record

humanity, and above all, of a peaceful foreign policy, that the structural cohesion of the British Empire has alone been achieved and will alone be maintained.

"I do not write this to you because I should like to see the self-governing colonies pin their faith particularly to the Liberal party any more than to the Conservative party. The British Empire must centre upon the British Crown. But in so far as you can make your friends in Canada realise that in a Liberal Ministry in England they will find true comradeship and faithful, unrelaxing service whenever they have need of it, you will be doing good work in a good cause."

Whatever one may think of Winston Churchill personally, all classes of Canadians will hope that he has not overstated the position of the Liberal Party. If the day of the "Little Englander" is gone, the colonies will be pleased. In so far as Mr. Churchill has been influential in bringing about that change, he will receive due credit.

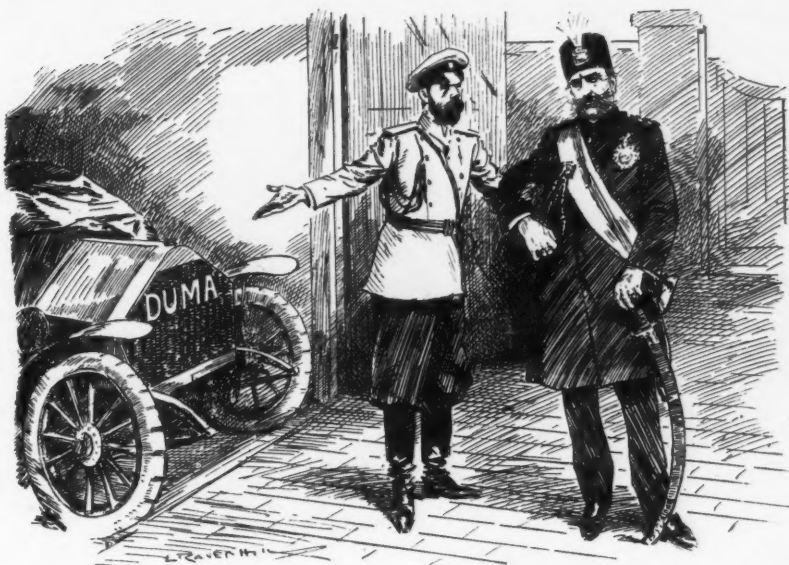
Britain is attempting to govern ten millions of Egyptians with five thousand soldiers and a liberal policy. Material

prosperity has been brought to the country, but there is still a grave danger that some day a religious war will cause the Egyptians to rise and sweep the British from that portion of the world. When the cry comes, "God give victory to Islam," every Moslem will draw his sword. The man on whom the responsibility rests at the present moment is the Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid Khan, the over-lord of Egypt, and the head of the Moslem people. On him depends the question of war or peace. If he should order the Khedive of Egypt to cast out the Christians, a serious moment would ensue. It is to be hoped that the religious clash will not come, that the enemies of Great Britain will be unable to convince the

Sultan and the Khedive that it would be wise to throw off British rule and guidance, and to reestablish an unfettered Moslem Government.

The passing away of Lady Campbell-Bannerman, wife of the Premier of Great Britain, has been the occasion of sympathetic expressions from all quarters. During the recent trying session, the Premier has "borne the double burden of the most responsible post in the Empire and of daily and nightly attendance upon a dying wife." In his present loneliness and sorrow, he has the sympathy of all the peoples in the Empire. Lady Campbell-Bannerman, though not a society leader, exercised much the same influence over her husband as did the wife of the late Lord Salisbury. She believed in her husband, shared his political opinions, and gave him that moral support which seems to be so necessary to all those male beings who climb the ladder of fame through public service.

William Watson, the popular English poet, has written a poem on that heartless monarch who has so long oppressed the natives of Belgian Central Africa. The poem is as follows:



HELPING THE YOUNG IDEA

SHAH: "I was thinking of getting one of those things for my people."

CZAR: "My dear fellow, take *this* one. (*Aside*) I'm getting another sort, that only goes backward."

[It is announced that the SHAH threatens to give Persia a constitution]—*Punch*.

LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM

Khalifs and Khans have we beheld, who trod
The people as one neck beneath their heel;
Whose revel was the woe they could not
feel;

Whose pastime was the dripping scourge and
rod;

Who shook swift death on thousands with a
nod,

And made mankind as stubble to their
steel;

Who slew for Faith and Heaven, in dread-
ful zeal

To pleasure him whom they mistook for God.

No zeal, no Faith inspired this Leopold,

Nor any madness of half-splendid birth.

Cool-eyed, he loosed the hounds that rend
and slay,

Just that his coffers might be gorged with
gold.

Embalm him, Time! Forget him not,
O Earth!

Trumpet his name, and flood his deeds with
day.

—William Watson.

The world is still wondering if Russia can avoid a revolution. Will the Czar give such reforms as will win over some of the people? Will the arrangements for the election of a new Duma be announcement in time to stay the hand of those bent upon revolution? The answer apparently can not be given.

Germany and Great Britain are urging Nicholas to the work from which he has so long held back. He and his Grand Dukes seem to hesitate between reform and repression. To-day they lean towards one, to-morrow towards another. In the meantime the terrorists continue their work. Policemen, commandants, governors, and higher officials are slaughtered almost daily. General Minn is dead; Premier Stolypin's house is blown up and he has a narrow escape, though thirty of his friends and followers perish; the catalogue of political assassinations lengthens; the country is deluged in blood.

The best opinion seems to be, that in spite of the terrorists, the power of the



WILLIAM J. BRYAN: "The world said I'd never do it, but I have them hitched together now."

—Morris in the Spokane Spokesman Review.

Russian Government is still unshaken. In spite of small mutinies, the mass of the army is loyal and may be depended upon. The Poles and the Finns would welcome a revolution, but the majority of the *mujiks* are not sufficiently imbued with a desire for constitutional government to cause them to persevere in a revolutionary war. They have the Oriental mind which judges by practice rather than theory, and if the hands of Stolypin and Trepoff are not laid too heavily upon them, they will content themselves with mutterings and hopes. The Czar is still able to command the confidence and fidelity of many strong men, and these may succeed in restoring order for a time.

Such events as are happening in Russia, Egypt, and Cuba, must impress on western peoples the value of that education and mind development which enables nations to understand the principles of self-government and the necessity for a reverence for whatever laws may be in force. Politi-

cal progress comes through education and gradual constitutional reform. Every day the debt we owe to the long line of British agitators, reformers and statesmen from Cromwell down, seems to grow larger and larger. The events in Russia would not be possible in Great Britain, the United States, Canada or Australia. Freedom, liberty, equality, security—these are ingrained into the Anglo-Saxon mind and make for Anglo-Saxon superiority, opportunity, and responsibility.

King Edward and Emperor William had a meeting recently, but the relations between Great Britain and Germany are still in a difficult position. Ever since Britain and France came to an understanding and settled all their differences, the two nations have been working harmoniously together. This is not very pleasing to the Kaiser. Germany now stands almost alone. Russia, France, England, and some smaller States are united to preserve the peace and *statu quo* of Europe. For the Kaiser there can be no peace except that which he dictates, consequently his attitude has been that of a restless genius. He tried to stir up things in Morocco and was diplomatically beaten. Now his friends are hinting that Great Britain must choose between his friendship and that of France. Britain retorts by saying that the understanding with France is not based on hostility to Germany. So the matter stands. In the meantime, a possible war with Germany is being seriously, though not officially, discussed in Great Britain. One novelist has written a book describing "The Invasion of 1910," and Lord Roberts has advised people to read it.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



IN the month of golden hillsides,
When moons are frosty white,
And the returning Hunter
Looms on the marge of night,
Relieving his brother Arcturus,
Belted, majestic and slow,
To patrol the Arctic watch-fires
And sentry the lands of snow.

A core of fire was kindled
On a hearthstone wide and deep,
Where the great arms of the mountains
Put Folly-of-mind to sleep;
We came without guide or knowledge,
Silver, array or store,
Through the land of purple twilight
To the Lodge of the Open Door.

—Bliss Carman.

AT THE EXHIBITIONS

THE "Fall Fair" in various localities may be taken in its "Woman's Department" as indicating the increased variety and quality of domestic and decorative work. No longer are rolls of butter and log-cabin quilts, admirable as these may be, the only products of a woman's skill. The increasing prosperity and consequent luxury of the country may be seen in the display of ceramic art and in the more delicate complexities of lace and embroidery. In connection with the latter, the exhibition of Old Country treasures is decidedly interesting and stimulating. The Irish lace, too little known in Canada, has been sent out in recent years until we become envious of its excellence. The beauty of the Limerick lace has become almost familiar, and this year the specimens of Carrickmacross have proved almost as attractive.

Ruskin has said that no machine work has yet equalled the delicacy of hand-made art. Certainly, in the finer de-

signs of lace, in the daintiest decoration of china, this would seem to be true. Nothing can take the place of individual ingenuity and creation. The pianola can never prove a substitute for Paderewski, and the mechanical product of the factory cannot be as artistic as the frail cobweb of lace that was patiently wrought by human fingers. There is a subtle appeal in a fragment of old lace, carefully handed down in yellowish fragrance from one generation to another, holding in its fragile threads the womanly traditions of the race. Year by year we are coming to understand the beauty of fine and enduring work, and are learning that ornament is not necessarily art. To see how the Canadian woman has progressed in ideals of domestic comfort and adornment it is necessary only to look at the exhibitions of this Autumn and compare them with those of ten or fifteen years ago.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS

MANY of her readers thought that Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) was an Englishwoman. But although the greater part of her life was spent in London, she was a New Englander by birth. Her recent death has been matter for general regret, as she was a woman whose ability was becoming more manifest with each succeeding novel or play, and her sudden decease leaves us only to conjecture what the final development might have been. "Some Emotions and A Moral" was her first successful novel, and her latest work was "The Dream and the Business," a serial which was concluded in the September number of

the *Grand Magazine*. In her earlier work there was an epigrammatic brilliance that sometimes was more of tinsel than of real metal. There was also a morbid bitterness that occasionally repelled the healthy-minded reader. But these defects almost vanished in her later and more serious efforts, and we can but deplore that her work has ended so early.

Her latest novel is in her finest style, and will doubtless create an interest for its own sake, as well as for its appearance as the author's final word. It is a story of rare interest and unusual characters. Of these, perhaps the most remarkable is Tessa, Lady Marlesford, of whose death one who had loved her writes: "Now that I am accustomed to the idea of her death, I see that she went at the fitting and beautiful moment. Of how many can that be said with conviction—she was taken from the evil to come? Her education was her salvation. You share my feelings about the Church of Rome, and you won't accuse me of partiality toward it. But it is the one religion for such women as Tessa. As a cloud it protected and enveloped her in a world not ruled by the candid or inhabited by the tender. Her faults were the faults of youth; her spirit belonged to those who may meet men and women for a little while and inspire them for their whole lives.

"Suffering can never be suppressed by statute. It is a law of nature, but, as all other laws of nature, since it must be obeyed, let us at least submit as sons of God and co-heirs with Christ—not as beasts of burden, and as those who believe that all labour is in vain."

There is a pathos, a wistful tenderness in the portrayal of Tessa, and even the self-reliant Sophy Firmalden, that show how the author's sympathies have deepened, how much clearer her vision of life's ironies has grown since the light, sparkling days of "Some Emotions and A Moral." The life of the writer herself had been touched by tragedy and perhaps she would have chosen, had it lain in her power, to go without warning or farewell, in the midst of friendship and success.

CONCERNING JEWELS

THE feminine fondness for precious stones has sometimes been deplored by those who consider it an extravagant taste. There is no question that the woman who sacrifices comfort or disregards honesty, in order to obtain diamonds, is a discredit to her sex. We are all familiar with the story of the Mother of the Gracchi and her juvenile jewels, and the said Cornelia has been patted on the back by preachers and reformers through all the centuries since that worthy Roman matron went to her well-earned rest. But the woman who can resist glancing at a display of gems, or who is absolutely indifferent to the "gloss of satin and glimmer of pearl" is almost too sensible to be companionable, and the most of us are quite ready to admit that we should wear diamonds, rubies and sapphires if we could but afford them. Hence an article in an English magazine on "Jewels and Their Wearers" is not without interest for the beringed sex.

"When Queen Victoria came to the throne, the Crown jewels included the famous pearl necklace which had belonged to the Consort of George III, but this was successfully claimed by the Duke of Cumberland for his wife, sister of Queen Alexandra. Rather than see the girl-Queen chagrined by the loss of her pearls, the East India Company forthwith subscribed to present her with another set still more gorgeous. Of her personal jewels, next to her wedding-ring, the late Queen most valued an insignificant enamel ring, set with a single diamond, given to her by Prince Albert when she was yet a child, and her betrothal ring, a snake set with the finest emeralds. These three rings were never removed from her hand and were buried with her."

In connection with the present popularity of the amethyst, it is interesting to be informed that it is Queen Alexandra's favourite coloured stone, although her finest jewels are undoubtedly her pearls, of which she has "ropes and ropes." But on Christmas and fête days the Queen

is fond of bestowing on her friends amethysts set in scarf-pins, bangles, chains and hat pins. With dresses of her favourite colour—mauve—the Queen always wears amethysts. The young Duchess of Marlborough possesses the historic pearls that belonged to Marie Antoinette, forming an immensely long necklace.

"It may not be commonly known that pearls found in fresh water are more brightly tinted—are, indeed, at times pink, blue, yellow, green, rose and even brown; black pearls found in fresh water are the most valued of all. Among the finest black pearls known are those worn by Lady Ilchester, of Holland House, which it took Napoleon III ten years to collect in all parts of the world for the Empress Eugénie. Queen Margharita of Italy, Princess Dhuleep Singh, the Duchess of Devonshire and the Duchess of Sutherland, all have magnificent pearls, but it remains for an American woman. Mrs. Mackay, who gives a great share of her attention to collecting pearls, to possess the largest number of these jewels which signify tears. But the most costly single pearl necklace in the world is owned by the Countess Henckel."

The turquoise, although not of the most precious stones, is admired by many for its rich blue tint. The Princess Henry of Pless and the Duchess of Roxburghe have the finest collections, with the exception of certain Russian noblemen. The opal, which undeservedly bears a reputation for ill-luck, is found at its best in Hungarian collections, the finest specimen of this jewel of shifting splendour being found in the Imperial Cabinet at Vienna.

Absorbing is the story of many of the great jewels of the world, and it is little wonder that superstition has attached strange values and sinister meanings to them. But of all the stories of their beauty and influence, none is more enthralling than that tale of the East, "The Naulahka," which Kipling and Bales-tier told us many moons ago.



H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY OF WALES
The nursery dog "Tourie" originally belonged to Queen Victoria.

A NOVELIST'S PORTRAIT

MISS MARIE CORELLI has published another book, and the world that loves a shilling-shocker is sitting up all night to read "The Treasure of Heaven," which is further called "A Romance of Riches." Any yarn by the fair Marie will be read by the general public, for this skilful scribe mastered long ago the art of writing to the gallery. Every housemaid in the land has read her "Thelma," and had horrible thrills over the ghastliness of "Wormwood." A lady named Mary almost commits suicide in the last chapter of this latest outbreak of Corelli fiction. Otherwise it is not an exciting story; in fact, it is quite inferior to "God's Good Man," of which I read enough to know that the heroine wore a purple velvet riding-habit, trimmed with gold buttons. The horse ran away and threw the heroine off and, really, the poor steed was not to blame. However, to return to our muttons, or rather our Marie! The announcement is made

that "the only authorised portrait of Marie Corelli ever published appears for the first time in this book." Sure enough, there is a sweet picture of the novelist in the very front of the book. She is looking pleasant, and her gown has a fit ever so much better than the garments of literary ladies are supposed to possess. Last year, that entertaining English weekly, *The Tatler*, got into all sorts of trouble by publishing a portrait of Miss Corelli, who, it was said, wished to have her features unphotographed. Her lawyers promptly sought redress, a course which advertised both the *Tatler* and the lady. The latter could hardly be blamed for being angry, as the clumsy photographer had seized the moment when she was descending from a carriage and was displaying a decidedly unshapely foot. She was also smiling more broadly than any camera-fiend demands, and no woman could be expected to endure such a snapshot without protest. But the latest novel vindicates the noted scribbler, and for a wholly insignificant sum her admirers may possess the long-desired portrait, with a nice new story thrown in.

A POPULAR PRODUCT

THERE is one of our products of which Canadians have no doubt—and that is cheese. Denmark may be able to show a better record for butter, but when the subject is cheese Canada knows that it is unmistakably, if not easily, first. But not many of us were aware that the value of our exports in this champion product reached the amazing figure of twenty-four millions. At home we are using cheese in a variety of ways unknown to our grandmothers. Its desirable qualities in any of the dishes known as "savouries" are becoming known, and the demand for all the finer varieties of cheese has increased fourfold in the last ten years. Generally,

when one finds an article unusually tempting to the palate, the discovery is made that it is really "not good for you at all," and it is eaten with the feeling that sorrow and indigestion may come before the morning. But cheese is declared an almost perfect food by the highest authorities, and we wonder, as the Turkish guest did about dancing, how anything so delightful can be considered harmless.

A recent article calls upon housewives to rouse to the possibilities of cheese, both as a food and a flavour, and gives a long list of dishes and delicacies of which the foundation is cheese. We all know that Welsh rarebit has been considered as dangerous a midnight dainty as threatens the human digestion. But this is all a sad mistake, an idle prejudice. Properly made, the Welsh rarebit is a thing of deliciousness and a joy forever. Everyone knows that macaroni demands cheese, and that apple pie simply craves such an accompaniment. Celery also is a lonely course without a small jar of delectable cream cheese in the neighbourhood. But tomatoes, especially when baked, are especially enjoyed by many vegetarians if there be just a suspicion of grated cheese. In fact this dairy product is just beginning to come into its culinary own, and is going to find its way into salads, savouries and even soups to an extent undreamed of in the comparatively cheeseless days of the past. There once was a man who wrote a whole book of poems on the cheese of his native town. Some critics smiled at the subject and refused to take the lyrics seriously. But the critics are a poor lot who can seldom afford the delicacy, and therefore cannot understand how a cheese soufflé or a midnight revel of crackers and cheese touched the poet's heart and blossomed into odes and sonnets. The traditions of Cheshire may yet yield to the modern wonders of the Canadian product.

Jean Graham.



PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

MR. GREENWOOD

MR. HAMAR GREENWOOD, member of the British House of Commons for the ancient City of York, has been visiting Canada after an absence of eleven years. He went away a penniless youth; he returns Parliamentary Secretary to the Under-Secretary of the Colonial Office. In his own humorous way he describes himself as the Lay Archbishop of York and the political successor of Julius Cæsar. He ascribes his success in Great Britain to the fact that he was born in Canada, where each youth is taught that no matter how humble his origin his future is in his own hands. "Had I been born in England, I would have been an emigrant to Canada; having been born in Canada, I am able to make a success in England."

Mr. Greenwood began as a temperance lecturer in Great Britain, got further experience in lecturing on Canada, and in stump speaking for the Liberal Party. The Liberals in the city of York heard his musical voice, his pithy sentences and his robust humour, and desired him for their own. With true Canadian modesty he accepted the first offer, therein differing from his predecessor, Julius Cæsar. That the constituency had been represented for a generation or two by Conservatives, and that in 1900 two Conservatives had been returned unopposed, did not deter him in the slightest. He started in with an adverse majority of at least 1,500, and for one solid year he struggled to reduce it to the vanishing point. The official result of the polling is as follows:

York City (2)	13,864.
Hamar Greenwood, Lib.	6,413
George Denison Faber, C.B., Con.	6,108
John G. Butcher, K.C., Con.	6,094
J. H. Stuart, Lab.	4,573

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His success in such a constituency entitled him to recognition at the hands of his party, and it came in the shape of an appointment in the Colonial Office, with a salary of £1,500 a year. That Mr. Greenwood can be useful to the Empire in such a position is not inconceivable. That he will be useful his friends thoroughly believe. He is an adherent of the Imperial consolidation idea and his influence in the councils of the Liberal Party will do something to increase the sympathy for those portions of the Empire which are overseas.

CANADIAN CLUBS

PROSPERITY and enthusiasm march hand in hand. Canada is prosperous as never before, and the national enthusiasm



HAMAR GREENWOOD, ESQ., M.P.



GEORGE LYON, THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION OF CANADA, ON THE LAMBTON GOLF LINKS, TORONTO

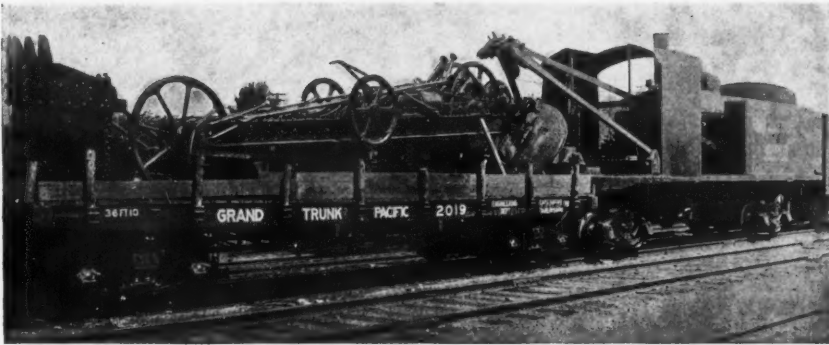
is almost unbounded. The latter is partially displayed in the steady growth of the number of Canadian clubs. London has now a healthy club, although its regular meetings are but beginning. Vancouver gave birth to one the other day, a lusty club with fifty charter members. There is now a Canadian Club in nearly every city in Canada, from Montreal west. East of Montreal the national enthusiasm is not so great. Quebec has other ideas, and the Maritime Provinces are still suffering from politicosis.

The idea of all these clubs is to discuss non-politically the national problems, to foster patriotism, to encourage Canadian literature and art, and to provide an opportunity for prominent speakers, resident or passing, to meet an audience of an intelligent and earnest type. The Hamilton Club dates back to the early nineties and is the pioneer. The Toronto Club began in 1896. The others are more recent.

The Toronto Club is perhaps the most flourishing. It has a membership of eleven hundred, and held last season sixteen noon-day and five evening meetings. The average attendance was 275. Among

the subjects discussed were Profit Sharing, Taxation of Corporations, Forestry, Railways (Charles M. Hays), Civic Improvement, Place and Power of Music, Education of the Negro (Booker T. Washington), Care of the Mentally Afflicted, The Farmer and the Tariff (by a farmer), Banking and Trade (Hon. James H. Eckles, Chicago), Electrical Smelting, The Criminal's Needs, and Physical Training (Dr. George J. Fisher, New York). Of the speakers, twelve were Canadians, seven were from the United States, and two from England. This club lunches together every Monday from November to April, a half-hour being devoted to the luncheon and a half-hour to an address by an appointed speaker. A similar plan is followed at Ottawa and in others of the larger cities.

A league of Canadian Clubs has been formed and its second meeting was held at Niagara Falls on September 3rd. Clubs in Canada and the United States were represented. The Chairman is a Canadian and the Secretary a resident of the United States. This organisation should do much to preserve the connection between Canadians at home and Canadians abroad.



A SECTION OF ONE OF THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC CONSTRUCTION TRAINS WHICH LEFT MONTREAL FOR THE WEST DURING JULY

If it does this, it will have performed a noble and admirable work.

FILLING UP

CANADA is filling up very fast. To prove this, there is the evidence of the eyes, of loaded trains, of homestead entries, of land sales, of busy merchants and manufacturers. Most accurate of all are the immigration returns.

In the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1905, a high record for immigrants was announced. The optimist said, "We will beat that next year"; the pessimist answered, "There were unusual circumstances, beware!" The returns for the year ending June 30th, 1906, are now in and the result gives the honour to the optimist. There were many long years during which the pessimist proved right in his predictions, while the optimist looked regretfully at the slow national progress. To-day the pessimist is unseated, dethroned, ignored.

One hundred thousand immigrants in a single year was a good record. That was in 1905. The tale for 1906 is thirty-one thousand greater. To be strictly accurate the figures are 102,723 and 131,268.

But were they as good, as desirable? This question is as easily and as favourably answered by the figures. The num-

ber from England increased by 16,288; from Scotland by 4,102; from Ireland by 1,020; from Wales by 27; and from the United States by 14,253. The continental increase was only 7,108. Therefore the class of immigrants improved.

It is interesting to note that of the 131,000 immigrants, 78,106 were men, and 27,273 were women. The Canadian girl will have plenty of choice when it comes to the matter of a husband. Fifty-one thousand men without wives should seriously increase the competition.

USURY

THE Dominion Parliament did well to pass an Act against usury on small loans. The large borrower is supposed to be able to look after himself. When the amount is under \$500, the limit of interest is twelve per cent. per annum, and five per cent. after a judgment has been secured. A money-lender is made guilty of an indictable offence, and is liable to imprisonment for a term not exceeding one year or to a penalty not exceeding \$1,000, who lends money at a higher rate than is allowed by the act.

This law is, however, to be credited to the press rather than to Parliament. It was forced through by public sentiment carefully and persistently "worked up" by the daily newspapers.

John A. Cooper.

About New Books.

PRESIDENT DIAZ

PORFIRIO DIAZ, President of the Republic of Mexico, is a man with a history, and that history is graphically told by Mrs. Alec. Tweedie in her volume entitled "The Maker of Modern Mexico."*

The author is a descriptive writer rather than a biographer and has written books on Mexico, Sicily, Iceland, Norway, Finland and Denmark. Because of this, her biography has the defects of her excellences. The details of the life of this President are mixed up with descriptions of scenery, campaigns and events in a somewhat surprising manner. The arrangement may add to the general charm of the work, but it makes it a difficult volume for the student. Probably Mrs. Tweedie would retort that she did not write it for students.

The history of Mexico in the nineteenth century is composed of a series of sanguinary revolutions, of wars occasioned by the aggrandisement of the United States and the attempt by France to set up a French Monarchy in Central America. In that long series of struggles, domestic and foreign, two characters stand out most clearly—Juarez and Diaz. These two men were determined to establish a Mexican nation, with equality, fraternity and liberty as its basis. They overthrew the Spaniards, who believed in class rule; overthrew the church, which desired to dominate both in civil and religious matters; overcame the French invaders, and finally established a peaceful republic. The younger man still rules as President. It was in 1867 that Mexico was restored to the republicans by General Diaz, and the last battle fought for freedom. President Juarez returned and took up the

*New York: John Lane Company. Cloth, illustrated, photogravure frontispiece, gilt top, 421 pages and folding map.

task of reorganisation with Diaz as his leading commander. Juarez was then in his sixty-second year and his third term as President. Like Diaz, he was a native Mexican, and his whole heart was set on establishing a stable, native government. Juarez died in 1872 and was succeeded by Lerdo, another bright patriot. Lerdo's election for four years was due in the main to the refusal of Diaz to compete with him for the office. Eventually Diaz headed a revolution against Lerdo and on November 24th, 1876, marched victorious into the capital. Since then he has been undisputed ruler of a peaceful and prosperous Mexico.

The story is a fascinating one, almost unique in this humdrum age of buying and selling. It is like a tale from the middle ages, although the latter part of it becomes sadly modern and commonplace.

Mrs. Tweedie has done the world a service in giving us the first authentic account of the making of Mexico.

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FENWICK'S CAREER

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD sees the world with the eye and mind of a philosopher. In that wonderful novel, "Fenwick's Career," she has many passages which are gems of philosophy or observation. These also indicate more or less the nature of the drama which she so steadily and magnificently builds. For example, she describes Fenwick, after ten years as a struggling artist in London, still declaiming against everything and everybody in authority. She says:

"All that litany of mockery and bitterness, which the Comic Spirit kindles afresh on the lips of each rising generation, only to quench it again on the lips of those who 'arrive,' flowed from him copiously. He was the age indeed for 'arrival,' when, as so often happens, the man of middle life, appeased by

success, dismisses the revolts of his youth. But this was still the language—and the fierce language—of revolt!"

Every young man goes through this phase, which is just as certain as that when old he will look back with regret upon the things of his youth. The youth finds the rich intolerable, educated people too refined and too quiescent, society compounded of hollowness and snobbery. As he grows older, as education works its wonders, usage and position mellow him, the age of revolt passes. If success does not come, he breaks down, becomes a pessimist and a dyspeptic and falls out of sight. It is well to see these things as they are, even though it may not prevent the revolt or the quiescence. To see them is to understand them and to allow for them in others—thus making life a bit more pleasant for everybody.

Another phrase of Mrs. Ward's is worth noting. In speaking of Lord Findon, art patron and art lover, she describes him as possessed of "a certain breath of autocracy." Do you know such a man? I know several. One a manager of a large bank, a patron of letters and art, a lover of the beautiful and the æsthetic—acting always as if it were his to lead in conversation, in business, in public movements, in social reform. He is like Lord Findon, never patronising, but always enveloped in "a certain consciousness of power, of vantage-ground: a certain breath of autocracy."

Another phrase, "the fighting life of the mind," is even more subtle. It was this which kept Fenwick out of complications during the long years of separation from his wife. Some minds have more of this quality than others; some men have greater need of it than others. It is one of the signs and one of the qualities of the great man—whether it be in philosophy, in commerce or in statecraft. In Fenwick it alone saved him from his "egotism, arrogance and passion."

This story of Mrs. Ward's is one to read and remember. So many novels are to be read and forgotten, that the opposite is worth mentioning. It is a strong sermon, a great musical composition, a beautiful piece of art, a wonderful composition on canvas—all these rolled into one. It is



PRESIDENT DIAZ, OF MEXICO
From "The Maker of Modern Mexico"

the expression of herself by a great artist; it is an account of the struggles of a number of souls by a soul that has struggled; it is a page from life by one who has known and felt life in the superlative degree.

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THE FAILURE OF STRINGER

"THE Wire Tappers,"* by Arthur Stringer, is a technical story in the sense that some of Kipling's are technical. The intricacies of the telegraph and the telephone are the basis and around them is built a love story. The characters are criminals, but even criminals have sentiment and passion. Following Mark Twain's criticism, one finds hundreds of expressions such as:

- he asked her, almost hopelessly.
- she answered, with unbetraying evenness of voice.
- she assented, with a touch of weariness.
- he said, earnestly, with his heels well apart.
- she answered, drearily.
- he went on, impetuously.
- he implored, persistently.
- said the girl, hurriedly.
- she asked, miserably.
- he murmured, jubilantly.
- Etc., etc., etc.

* Boston: Little, Brown & Company.
Illustrated by Arthur William Brown.

Mr. Stringer has much to learn about writing before people will take him as seriously as he wishes. In fact, the progress in his art shown in this book is grievously disappointing to those who expected much of him.

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MRS. CRAIGIE'S LAST NOVEL

THE death of Mrs. Craigie, John Oliver Hobbes, the day after she had sent her new novel to the publishers, with a letter telling of her plans for future work, is exceedingly pathetic. She was born at Boston in 1867, but was a great-granddaughter of the Hon. Peter Spearwater who represented Shelburne in the Nova Scotia legislature for twenty-five years. She was educated in Boston, London and Paris, and spent most of her life in England. Her first book, "Some Emotions and a Moral," was issued in 1891, and at least one volume a year ever since.

Several of her plays have done fairly well in London, and her contribution on general subjects have appeared in the leading periodicals.

The dramatic power of her writing was always notable. Even as a girl she possessed that quality, and in her later works it showed gaining strength. Her books were full of epigram, at first used profusely, later in a more sober manner. Her work was always of a high order, on much the same plane as the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Her latest and last book, "The Dream and the Business,"* deals mainly with the mysteries and disappointments of life, the difficulties men and women experience in understanding themselves and each other. Only a very few rules can be laid down to guide us through life. We must pick our way, sometimes going ahead freely, sometimes retracing our steps and taking a fresh start. Mrs. Craigie's characters are all trying to get the best out of life, but in such different ways. The contrasts are remarkable and surprising.

Perhaps a few quotations will give the reader some idea of the author's style. Speaking of society one of her characters says:

*London: T. Fisher Unwin.

"No; but I'd sooner seen any girl I was fond of dead than in society, unless she were born in it. The stage is paradise in comparison—because actresses really work for their living, and work always gives a redeeming touch even to the weakest characters. Art, too, is democratic in the sense that religion is democratic—whereas fashionable society must be plutocratic or it ceases to be fashionable."

Other short extracts speak for themselves:

"This incident was Sophy's first encounter with the form of vulgarity known as social ambition."

"Both look resigned and at the stage in unsatisfactory human relationships when the pair, having exhausted their mutual dislike, were almost attached to each other by a common bond of suffering."

"A belief in the Resurrection won't keep a man from drunkenness, or dishonesty, or lying, or any other vice, nor will it keep him from gout, or consumption, or death. A doubt of the Resurrection is, therefore, no excuse for being human. Let a man stand by his humanity without pretending that he would be an angel if he could but accept the gospels."

"By education, systematised or otherwise, men and women softened, perfected or concealed the qualities which nature gave them; but they of themselves could add nothing to these natural gifts. The pear tree cannot be cultivated into an oak,—and genius cannot be manufactured from the uninspired."

"I have a warning sense that certain people are evil, in spite of all outward appearance to the contrary; and equally a warning sense that certain people are good, in spite of many evident bad signs. This is all I know."

"Man is known to God by his aspirations—not by his lapses."

The whole book is full of subtle expressions and clever dissections of character. Sophy is a type whom most men will understand, though it will not be so easy in the case of Lady Marlesford. The Nonconformist ministers, the writer of operas, and the other characters are each worthy in his or her way, only the third-rate actress seems to be overdone, her weaknesses too exaggerated. The story moves steadily and the interest is splendidly maintained. It is a novel which will bear a second reading, and that is true of not more than one per cent. of modern fiction.

NOTES

Elizabeth Roberts McDonald, a valued contributor to this periodical, and a writer who has found the open door to the best New York magazines, has had a volume of her verse published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, and the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto. It is daintily printed and bound on excellent paper, and will please the æsthetic eye. The contents need little commendation. Mrs. Macdonald's verse has simplicity, nobility and sweetness. One may almost say of her as she says of Juliana Horatia Ewing:

"How many a soul you gladdened as you climbed
With smiles and tears life's
difficult-rocky height,
And ever, where you passed,
some garden sprang,
Set by your slender hands
with heart's-delight."

Sir James M. LeMoine, the veteran litterateur of Quebec, has issued his seventh volume of "Maple Leaves," being a collection of articles, addresses and other writings contributed by him to the Royal Society or current periodicals. The opening chapter is Sir James' address to the Royal Society on "The Archives of Canada." His personal recollections of distinguished *litterati* who have visited Quebec is not the least interesting chapter. As this is probably the last volume Canada is likely to receive from this grand old scholar, it is all the more welcome. (Quebec: Frank Carrel. Cloth, 412 pages).

William Le Queux has published a story which has attracted much attention in England. "The Invasion of 1910," with an account of the siege of London, is an attempt to show how easily Germany might invade Great Britain and how unprepared the latter is. In an introductory letter, Lord Roberts recommends the volume "to the perusal of every one who has the welfare of the British Empire at



THE STATUE OF GEORGE BROWN IN FRONT OF THE
LEGISLATIVE BUILDING IN QUEEN'S PARK,
TORONTO—A NEW "LIFE" OF THIS
STATESMAN, BY JOHN LEWIS,
APPEARED RECENTLY

heart." The volume is illustrated with maps of the imaginary campaigns, while the naval chapters are by a naval expert. (London and Toronto: The Macmillan Co.)

That country schools should have a different course of study to that of city schools is a new idea in the world of education. In the United States they are meeting the difficulty of keeping young people on the farm, by making the school life a preparation only for farm life. The newer consolidated schools have manual training and special agricultural studies. They keep the boy a farmer instead of, as Canadian High Schools do, try to make him a lawyer or a doctor. Much light is thrown on this phase of education by Superintendent Kern of Illinois in "a



WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M.P.

Secretary of State for the Colonies, who has written the life of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, a statesman known as the most brilliant failure in British politics. He threw up his office of Chancellor of the Exchequer in a pet and incurred the deep displeasure of Queen Victoria because he told the *Times* of this before it was communicated to his Sovereign.

volume entitled "Among Country Schools." (Boston: Ginn & Co., \$1.35).

The Rev. W. S. Crockett, not the author of "The Stickit Minister," but of those charming descriptive books, "The Scott Country," and "Highlands and

Islands of Scotland," published in this country by The Macmillan Company of Toronto, is to spend the autumn in Canada, where he will deliver a number of lectures.

"One Thousand Facts About Canada," by Frank Yeigh, is printed in pamphlet form by Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, Toronto, and will be mailed for eight cents.

"Canadians in the United States," by S. Morley Wickett, is an interesting pamphlet published by Ginn & Co., Boston. This material was partly published in the *University Monthly* and expanded in the *Political Science Quarterly*.

The Department of Education, Toronto, has issued a "Check List" of the Batrachians, Reptiles, Mammals, in the Biological Section of the Provincial Museum. This is compiled by C. W. Nash, Provincial Museum.

The Ontario Library Association has done the country a service in preparing a catalogue of children's books suitable for Canadian consumption. Most of the libraries of this country are filled with United States trash, bad literature badly printed and bound. Moreover, Canadian, United States and British books are not distinguished. Canadian

books, at least, should be separated so that younger readers may become familiar with native writers as such. That is the one weakness in this list: the Canadian books are not separated from the general list.



IDLE MOMENTS

CHANGING THE SENTIMENT

A PUBLIC reader is oftentimes at the mercy of the whims and caprices of a cranky audience. At a recent entertainment given to a boys' club near Paisley, under the supervision of some charitable ladies, a reader was to recite Scott's poem "Lochinvar."

His consternation was extreme when the minister's wife, who was president of the temperance society, rushed up to him shortly before the reading of that number

and requested him to change the sentiment of the following lines:

And now I am come with this lost love of mine,
To tread but one measure, drink one cup of wine.

to this version:

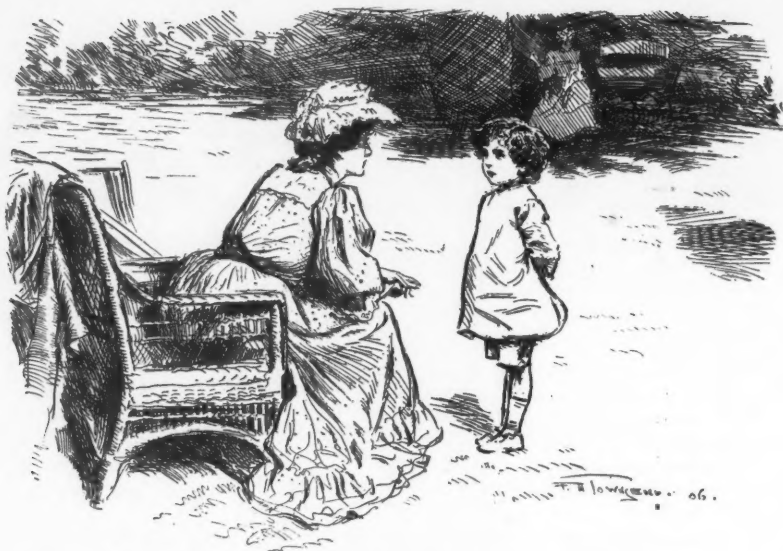
And now I am come with this beautiful maid,
To tread but one measure, drink one lemonade.

The usual calm and self-possession of the reader was greatly shaken by this



ART STUDENT (engaging rooms): "What is that?"

LANDLADY: "That is a picture of our Church done in wool by my daughter, Sir. She's subject to Art, too."—*Punch*.



VISITOR: "Well, Harold, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

HAROLD: "Oh, I'm going to be a Sailor; but Baby's only going to be just an ordinary Father."—*Punch*.

sudden change, and, fearing he might forget, he said the lines over and over again. When he at last mounted the platform his mind was quite at rest. With thrilling effect he recited the lines, until he reached the climax by saying:

And now I am come with this maiden here,
To tread but one measure, drink one glass of
beer.

The shiver that ran down his back communicated itself to the audience, and congealed them into rows of frozen niceties. The awful solemnity was only broken by convulsive giggles and gasps from a group of fair students.—*M.A.P.*

SAFE ANYHOW

THE story is told in Boston of a discussion among the judges as to the choice of a stenographer. Most of them preferred a woman, but one objected.

"Now, why don't you want one?" asked Judge S. "You know they are generally more to be depended on than men."

"That may be all so," replied Judge B.;

"but you know that in our cases we often have to be here very late. There are always watchmen and other guards in the corridors. Do you think it would be prudent to have a woman staying with any of the judges as late as might be necessary for a stenographer?"

"Why, what are you afraid of? Couldn't you holler?" questioned Judge S.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

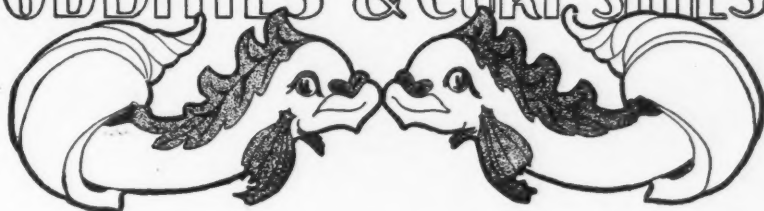
A GREATER DIFFICULTY

A GENTLEMAN driving an automobile on a country road, says a writer in a Virginia newspaper, met an old-fashioned high carriage in which was an old-fashioned couple. They jumped to the ground and the automobile came to a halt.

The gentleman of the car stepped forward, and offered to help lead the horse past the machine.

"Oh, never mind the horse, never mind the horse," said the old gentleman. "You lead the old lady past that thing, and I'll get the horse by all right."—*Selected*.

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



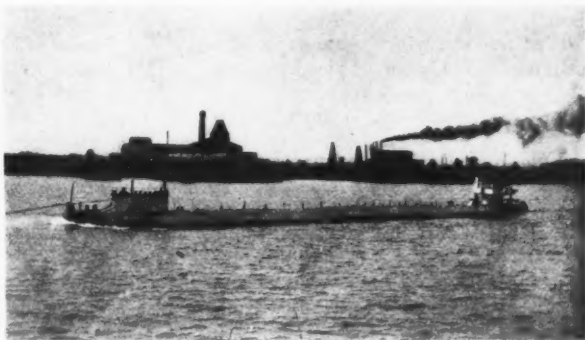
THE "WHALEBACK"

THE "Whaleback," or "Pig" as they are more often called, is a very peculiar

craft, and when seen loaded for the first time, gives one rather a singular feeling. If a heavy sea is running, nothing but the pilot house is to be seen, with an occasional glimpse of the bow, or nose, the waters washing over the entire length of the iron monster.

These vessels, or "shells," ply all the great lakes of America, which is the longest fresh water course in the world, and sometimes run the whole 5,000 miles before unloading a cargo. They are loaded with ore, grain and coal generally, and

are built of iron, and are just the shape of a cigar, so that when loaded heavily, they are always to the surface of the water.



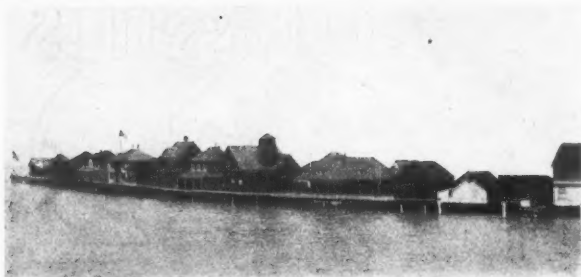
A LOADED "WHALEBACK" IN TOW OF A STEAMER

THE VENICE OF NORTH AMERICA
LAKE ST. CLAIR, dividing Michigan and Ontario, is a small but very treacherous lake, and for many a year scores of wrecks were reported every season. Some few years ago, the United States Government, at an enormous expense, had a canal made, over a mile long, through the shoals.

Around the north end of this canal are several miles of marsh land and blind canals, of no value whatever, except for ducks and



A "WHALEBACK" WITH A LIGHT LOAD PROCEEDING UNDER ITS OWN "STEAM"



A SUMMER RESORT BUILT OUT UPON THE WATERS OF LAKE ST. CLAIR

wild fowls. The water in many places is only a few inches deep, and in others, several feet

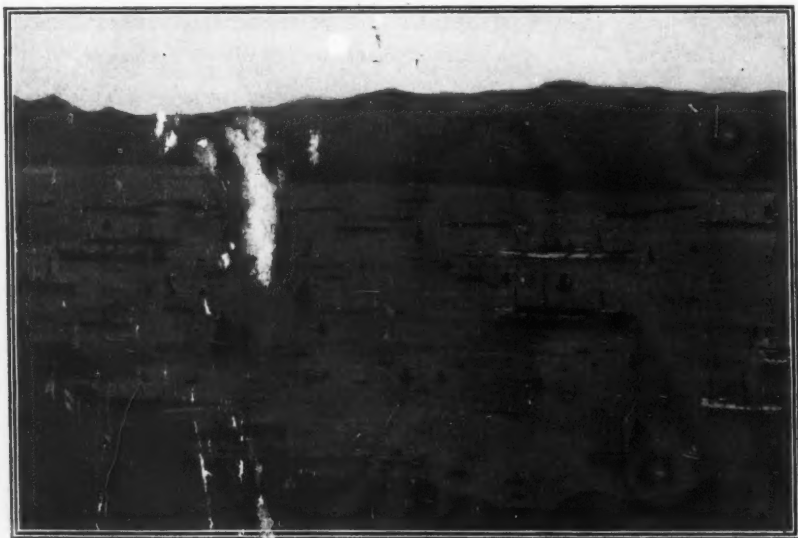
The accompanying photograph is a picture of a cool yet novel idea for a summer resort.

Some few years ago, a gun club conceived the idea of a cottage on the lake, for sporting purposes. It was tried and proved very satisfactory. The value of a summer residence in the lake was very quickly conceived, and in an incredibly short space of time, houses, club houses, flats and hotels grew like mushrooms out

all vacant and frozen up for three or four months.

AN ODD YEAR

THE year 1906 will go down to history as one of great disasters. Vesuvius in Italy; the earthquake in California; a similar occurrence in Chile; and lastly the typhoon at Hong Kong. The loss of life in each was considerable; the loss of property immense. The accompanying illustration shows the small boats in Hong Kong harbour—nearly 1,000 of these were destroyed.



HONG KONG HARBOUR—VISITED BY A SEVERE TYPHOON LAST MONTH

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For — Business Men.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

IN Great Britain the civil service is a profession; in Canada it is not. There young men make a choice among the Civil Service, Law, the Army, the Navy, the Church, or Business. A place in the civil service may be secured by those who train and educate themselves along recognised lines. In Canada it is so different. Here the civil service is filled with accidents, ward workers, relatives of members of Parliament, broken-down representatives of the professions; mechanics, labourers, poets, grocers and some stray "younger sons" from across the water. Fitness, educational qualifications, experience, suitability, are qualities seldom considered. The easiest road to the civil service is through the committee rooms which are established throughout the towns and cities when the elections are "on." Working on the voters' lists is supposed to be good preparation for almost any position under a federal or provincial government. There is a civil service examination for positions at Ottawa, but to pass it is not absolutely necessary. In Great Britain only candidates passing the examination get positions, and their relative standing determines the order in which they are appointed. There merit wins; here merit has little opportunity.

There is serious need in this country for civil service reform. The demand for this must come from outside Parliament, as the members will not willingly give up their petty patronage.

If you are interested send in your name as one willing to become a member of a Civil Service Reform League.

THE B.M.A. AND THE HEAT

THE meeting of the British Medical Association in Toronto in August was successful, though the thermometer

ranged about ninety in the shade. The following item is from *Saturday Night*:

"A good deal of amusement was afforded the people in Queen's Park this week by the arrival from England, on the hottest of the hot days we have been having, of a large case containing exhibits for the British Medical Association's convention. The huge box was covered with printed labels urging care in handling, the most conspicuous and numerous among which were printed in large type and reading, *Keep Free from Frost!* The remarks of the sweating porters and messengers as they conveyed the case to its destination are said to have pretty nearly melted the paste off the labels. This incident leads one to speculate as to how many of the visiting doctors brought furs in their trunks."

BRITAIN AND CANADA

LEUTENANT-GOVERNOR CLARK, speaking at the banquet of the British Medical Association at Toronto, took occasion to condemn what he called the insupportable ignorance and indifference regarding Canada and Canadian affairs prevailing in Great Britain. His course being commended also in some newspapers which might know better. It is a question if a gathering of professional men from the British Isles, who had showed at least some interest in Canada by coming to it to hold a meeting of their association, was the proper occasion for railing against the indifference, real or alleged, of their countrymen in regard to the affairs of this particular part of the Empire. It is a certainty that some Canadians worry themselves about this indifference to an extent which suggests they suffer from a lack of self-reliance. Canada is a considerable part of the British Empire in extent, and is growing to be a considerable part in population. 1

is receiving a growing proportion of the emigration from Great Britain, which is a fair evidence that the classes this country is most interested in have learned to think of it and know enough about it to find their way here when they hope to better their conditions. It might be well to accept this situation as satisfactory and to be quiet over it. The average Canadian's knowledge of conditions outside his own land is not so great that he can afford to rail at others' ignorance of his villages. And it does not look well for a country, any more than for a man, to be forever in a flurry about what others are saying about it and worrying because enough is not said or that what is said is said in a wrong spirit. Lieutenant-Governor Clark's speech, it may be hoped, will be the last of its kind, for a good while at any rate.—*Montreal Gazette*.

ACTIVITY AND INDIFFERENCE

NEWSPAPER comments on a local election in Montreal explain with unintentional clearness the frequent and almost continuous triumph of private over public interests, says the *Toronto Globe*. One journal comments on the discouraging lack of interest displayed by the "Citizens' Committee." There were some attempts at meetings, with small attendance and manifest indifference. Some of the intended meetings failed for lack of a quorum. This apathy was not manifested at a time of quietness in municipal affairs. A long-term franchise to a gas company was under discussion, and other important public questions were awaiting decision. The city was carrying on negotiations with powerful private interests, and there was urgent need of strength and ability in the civic government. This is a part of the story of weakness in municipal management. The supplementary part is told by other journals, which complain loudly because a light and power combine is taking an active part in local politics. It is urged that such interference by private interests is a grave danger in municipal affairs, and should help to arouse a lethargic public conscience. The danger of questionable and sinister influences securing an ascendancy is earnestly pointed out, and

the public are appealed to in stirring words to unite against a threatening calamity.

There are the two supplementary causes of governmental weakness, whether in the municipal, the provincial, or the national field—the indifference of the public and the keen activity of private interests. The average candidate knows that the public have short memories, and are weak both in the spirit of gratitude and the spirit of revenge. They show but little inclination to reward those who make sacrifices in the public interest, nor to punish those who have been indifferent in public service. The promoters of private enterprises, on the other hand, have long memories. They never fail to adequately reward those who serve them in public capacities, and they spare no pains in getting rid of all who are likely to stand in their way. Their interest is not the transient ebullition of a campaign, but continues from month to month and from year to year. A definite understanding of aims and purposes is another strong point with the private interests. The corporation knows what it wants and will not be put off with any kind of substitute, while among those sincerely desirous of promoting the public welfare there are always widely diverging opinions.

The strong man who comes out and fights for the public interest finds that he is making for himself many formidable enemies, while there is but little prospect of compensatory appreciation or support from the citizens at large. The remedy for this seemingly constitutional weakness in public affairs will be found in a more active interest on the part of the general public. That is not impossible so long as we remain a nation of property-owners, and that distinctive condition should be perpetuated by every available means. The public must protect their own interests or they will be sacrificed. There will be plenty of strong leaders forthcoming in the public interest just so soon as the public are prepared to support them, and not before. Government is one sphere in which the people as a whole can depend on getting about what they deserve. The only way to improve matters is to deserve improvement.

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